Glen. 197.

445941

SCOTLAND · NATIONAL · BOARD OF

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
National Library of Scotland

http://www.archive.org/details/clioeuterpeorbri00hand

THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-Brise to the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her brother, Major Lord George Stewart Murray, Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

28th *January* 1927.

Glen 197.

Robt. Blackie

10 Feb 1888

A Favourite Air in Alfred set by Mr Oswald

with Spirit

O Joy of Joys to lighten Woe best Pleasure Pleasure to bestow best Pleasure

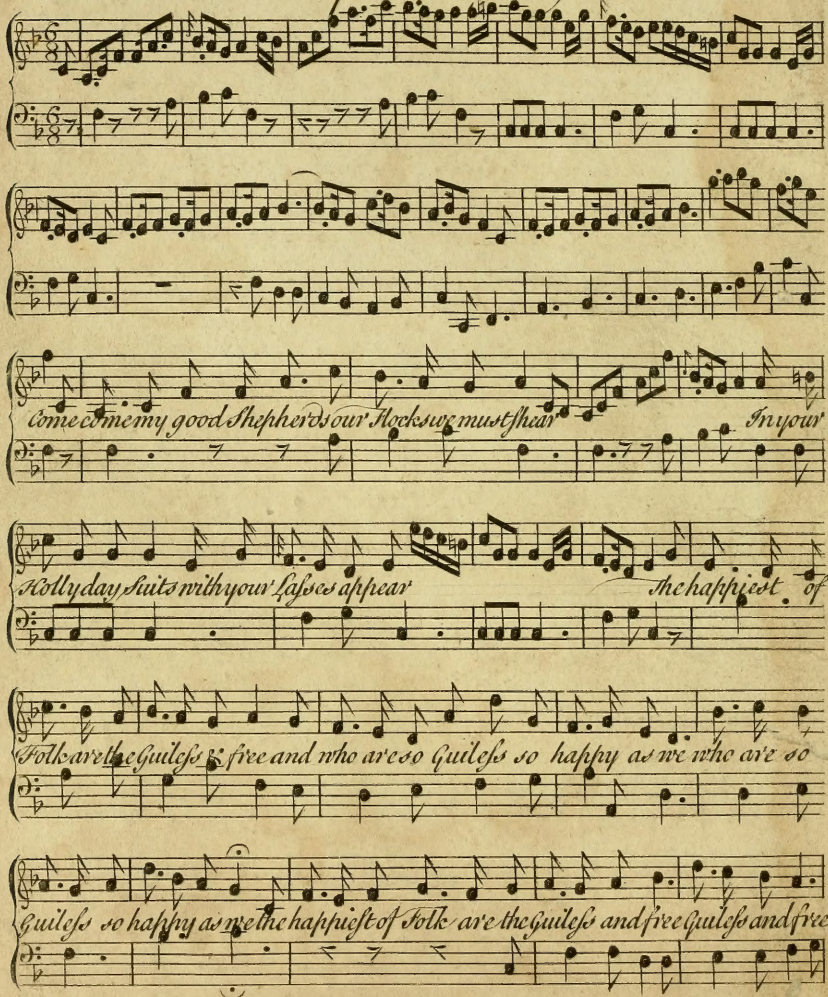
Pleasure to bestow what Raptures then his Heart expand who lives to bless a

grateful Land who lives to bless a grateful Land.

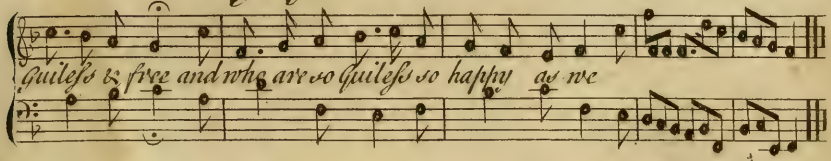
For him ten Thousand bosooms beat
His name consenting Crowds repeat,
From Soul to Soul the Passion runs,
And Subjects kindle into Sons.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND EDINBURGH

The Sheep Shearing


Come come my good Shepherds our Flocks we must shear
In your
Holly day Suits with your Lasses appear
the happiest of
Folk are the Guiless & free and who are so Guiless so happy as we who are so
Guiless so happy as we the happiest of Folk are the Guiless and free Guiless and free

Sung by Mrs Cibber

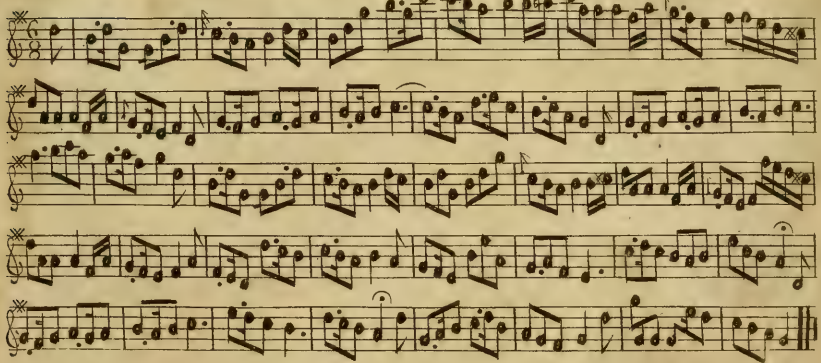


We harbour no Paſſions by Luxury taught,
We practice no Arts with Hypocriſy fraught:
What we think in our Hearts, you may read in our Eyes,
For knowing no Falſehood, we need no Diſguiſe.

By mode & Caprice are the City-Dames led
But we as the Children of nature are bread;
By her Hands alone we are Painted and dreſt,
For the Roſes will bloom when there's peace in y breaſt.

That Giant Ambition we never can dread,
Our roofs are too low for ſo lofty a Head,
Content & ſweet Chearfulneſs, open our Door,
They ſmile with the ſimple & feaſt with the Poor.

When Love has poſſeſs'd us, that Love we reveal,
Like the Flocks that we feed, are the paſſions we feel,
So harmleſs & Simple we ſport & we play,
And leave to fine Folk, to deceive and betray.



Damon and Florella

Moderately

:S:

Cast my Love thine Eyes around See the Sportive Lambkins play Nature

:S:

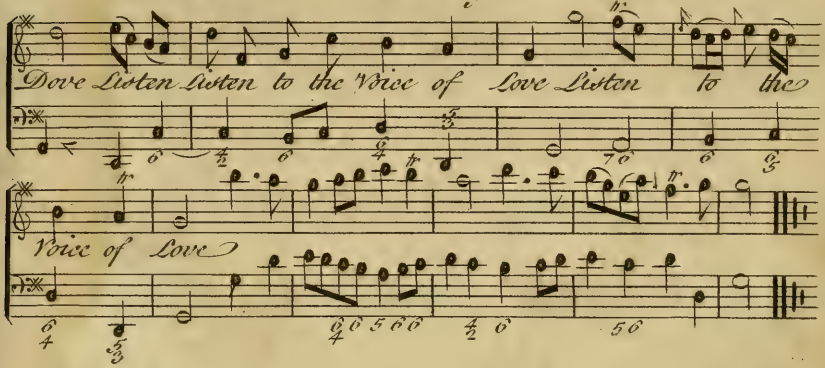
gayly decks the Ground all in Honour of the May Nature gayly

decks the Ground all in Honour of the May

Like the Sparrow and the Dove Listen

to the Voice of Love Like the Sparrow and the

Set to Musick by Mr Arne



Florella

Damon thou hast found me long
Listning to thy soothing Tale,
And thy soft persuasive Song,
Often held me in the Dale;
Take O Damon while I live,
All which Vertue ought to give?

Damon

Not the Verdure of the Grove
Nor the Gardens fairest Flowers
Nor the Meads where Lovers rove
Tempted by the Vernal Hours
Can Delight thy Damons Eye
If Florella is not by.

Florella

Not the Waters gentle fall,
By the Bank with Poplars crownd;
Nor the Feather'd Songsters all,
Nor the Flutes melodious Sound,
Can Delight Florella's Ear,
If her Damon is not near.

Duett

Let us Love and Let us Live,
Like the chearful Seasons gay,
Banish Care and Let us give,
Tribute to the fragrant May:
Like the Sparrow & the Dove,
Listen to the Voice of Love.

On an Absent Friend by Mr. Pope

Slow

No more the

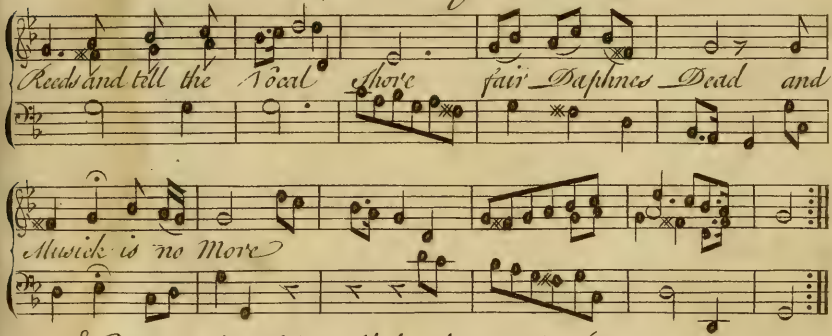
Mount tiny Lark while Daphne sings shall Listning in mid Air suspend their Wings No

more the Nightingale repeat her Lays or husht with Wonder

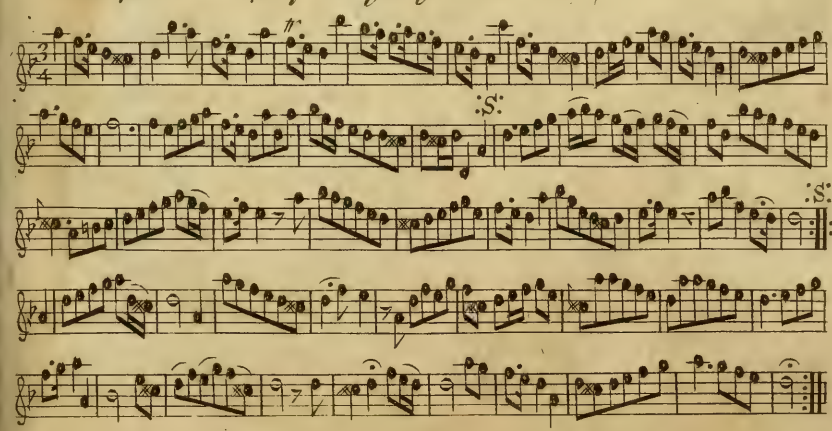
hearken from the Spray No More the Streams their Murmurs shall

Forbear a Sweeter Musick than their own to hear But tell the

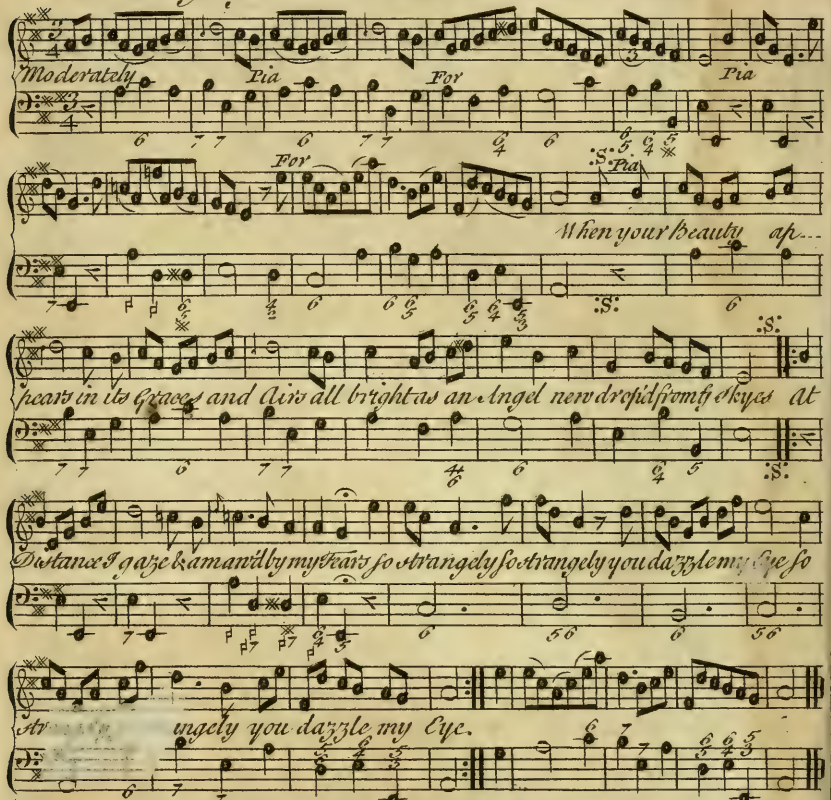
Set to Musick by Mr Buswell



Her Fate is whisper'd by the Gentle Breeze
And told in Sighs to all the Trembling Trees
The Trembling Trees in evry Plain & Wood
Her Fate remurmer to the Silver Flood
The Silver Flood so lately Calm Appears
Swell'd with new Passion and o'erflows with Tears
The Winds and Trees and Floods her Death Deplore
Daphne our Grief our Glory is no More



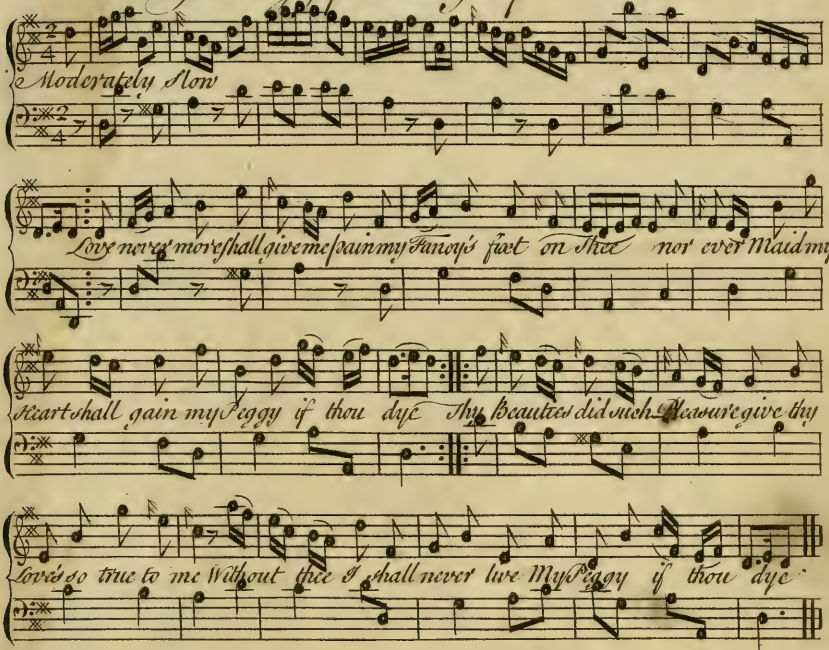
Sung by Mr Lowe at Vaux Hall


Moderately
Pia
For
Pia
For
Pia
When your beauty ap---
pears in its Grace, and Airs all bright as an Angel new dropt from the skyes at
Distance I gaze & admire, by my fears so strangely so strangely you dazzle my Eye so
Strangely you dazzle my Eye.

But when without Art your kind Thoughts you impart,
When your Love runs in Blushes through ev'ry Vein,
When it darts from your Eyes, when it pants in your Heart;
Then I know you're a Woman, a Woman again.

There's a Passion & pride, in our Sex she reply'd,
And thus might I gratify both, I woud do,
An Angel appear to each Lover beside,
But still be a Woman, a Woman to you.

My Peggy Sung by Mr Lowe


Moderately Slow
Love never more shall give me pain my Fancy's fixt on Thee nor ever Maid my
Heart shall gain my Peggy if thou dye Thy Beauties did such Pleasure give thy
Love's so true to me Without thee I shall never live My Peggy if thou dye

If Fate shall tear it from my breast
How lonely shall I stray;
In dreary Dreams the Night I'll waste
In Sighs the silent Day;
I ne'er can so much Virtue find,
Nor such Perfection see;
Then I'll renounce all Womankind,
My Peggy after Thee.

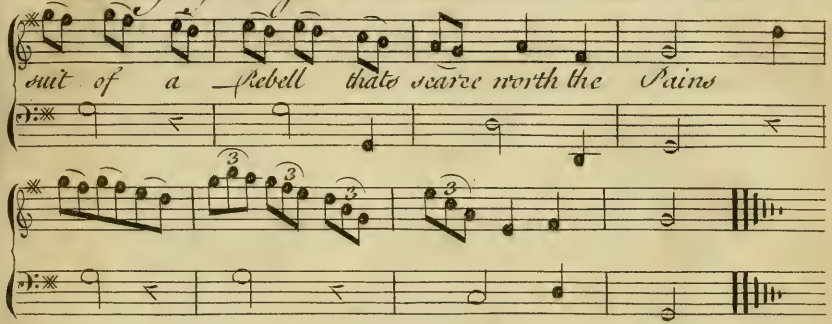
No new blown Beauty fires my heart,
With Cupid's raving Rage,
But thine which can such Sweets impart
Must all the World engage;
'Twas those that like the Morning Sun,
Gave Joy and Life to me;
And when its destin'd Day is done,
With Peggy let me dye.

Ye Pow'rs that smile on Virtue's Love,
And in such Pleasure share;
You who the faithful Flames approve,
With Pity view the Fair,
Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Those Charms so dear to me,
Oh! never rob them from those Arms
I'm lost if Peggy dye.

A Favourite Song

Did you see eer a Shepherd ye Nymphs pass this
Way Crownd with Myrtle and all the gay Verdure of May tis my
Shepherd Oh bring him once more to my Eyes from his
Lucy in search of new Pleasures he Roys all the
Day how I travelld and toild over the Plains in Pur
suit of a Rebell thats scarce worth the pains In Pur

Sung by Miss Stevenson at Vaux Hall



Take Care Maids take Care when he flatters & swears,
How you trust your own Eyes, or believe your own Ears,
Like the Rose-bud in June, ev'ry Hand hell invite,
But wound the kind Heart like the Thorn out of Sight,
And trust me who e'er my false Shepherd detains,
Shell find him a Conquest thats scarce worth her Pains.

Three Months at my Feet did he languish & Sigh,
E'er he gaind a kind Wo'rd or a tender Reply,
Love, Honour & Truth, were the Themes that he sung,
And he vow'd that his Soul was a kin to his Tongue,
Too soon I believ'd & reply'd to his Strains,
And gave him too frankly my Heart for his Pains.

The Trifle once gaind, like a Boy at his Play,
Soon the Wanton grew weary, & flung it away,
Now cloy'd with my Love, from my Arms he does fly,
In Search of another as Silly as I;
But trust me who e'er my false Shepherd detains,
Shell find him a Conquest thats scarce worth her Pains.

Beware all ye Nymphs how ye sooth the fond Flame,
And believe in good Time all the Sex are the Same;
Like Strephon from Beauty to Beauty they range,
Like him they will flatter, dissemble & Change,
And do all we can still this Maxim remains,
That a Man when we've got him is scarce worth y^e Pains.

The Reasonable Lover

Easily

I seek not at

once in a Female to find The form of a Venus with Pallas's Mind Let the

Girl that I Love have but Prudence in View That tho' she deceive I may still think her

True

be her Person not beautious but

pleasing & clean Let her Temper be Cloudless & op en her Mein by Folly Ill

Set to Musick by Mr Arne

Nature nor Vani by led nor Indebted to Paint nor Indebted to Paint for

white or for Red for white or for Red

May her Tongue that dread Weapon in most of her sex,
Be employ'd to delight us, & not to perplex,
Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a Jest,
For Prudes I despise, and Coquets I detest,
May her Humour the Taste of the Company hit,
Not affectedly wise or too pert with her Wit,
Go find out the Fair, that is form'd on my Plan,
And I'll love her for ev'er I mean if I Can.

The Happy He

Moderate

:S:

To make the Wife kind & to

keep ij House still you must be of her mind let her say what she will in all that she

does you must give her her way but tell her shes wrong & you lead her astray but

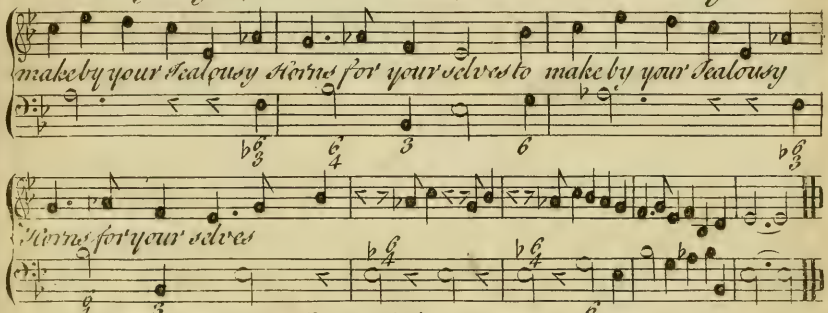
:S:

tell her shas wrong & you lead her astray

Then Husbands take care of Suspicion beware your Wives may be true if you

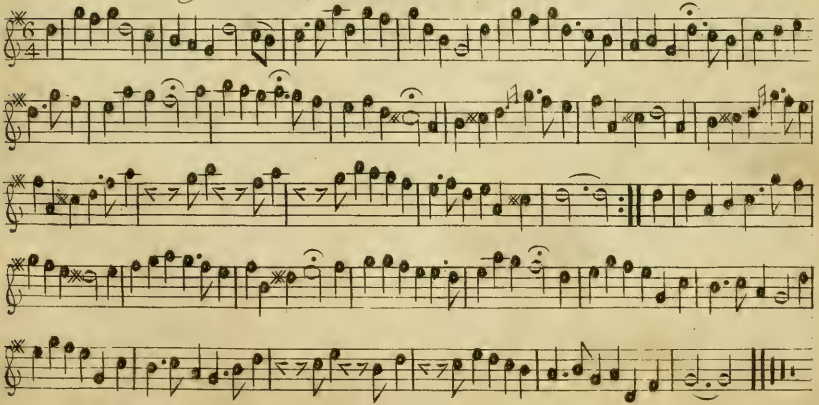
fancy they are with Confidence trust them and be not such Elves to

Sung by Mr Beard at Ranelaugh



Abroad all the Day if she Chuses to roam?
Seem pleas'd with her absence, she'll sigh to come home,
The Man she likes best and wants most to be at;
Be sure to commend her, she'll hate him for that.
Then Husbands &c.

What Vertues she has you may safely expose
What e'er are her Follyes commend her for those
Approve all the Schemes that she lays for a Man
For name but a Vice & she'll err if she can.
Then Husbands &c.



The Modern Rake

Sprightly

When ére a beautious Nymph I spy my fancys all on Fire I long to her Em

brace to fly & revel in desire my

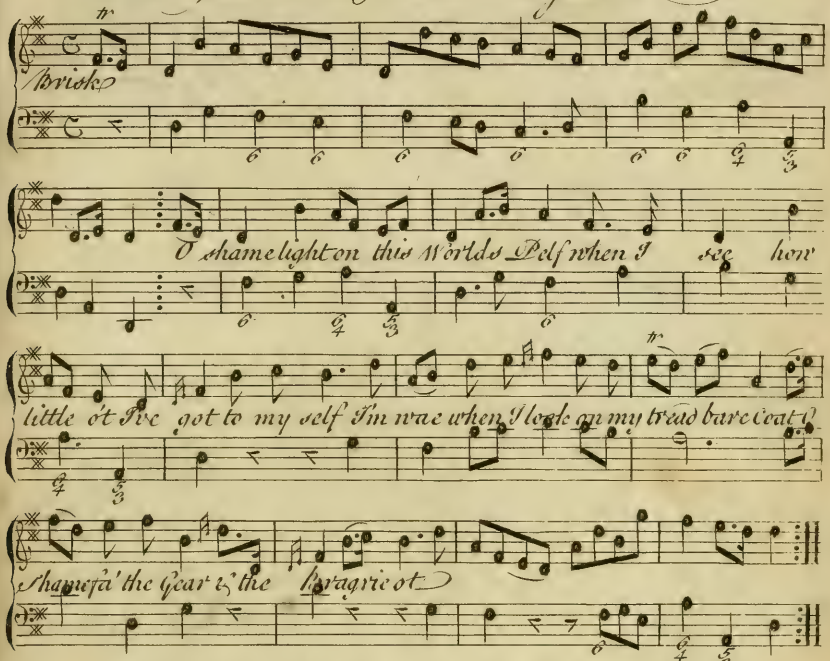
faith I swear & sigh my pain tho much for both too wise for Conquest néer attends the

brain who cant himself disguise for Conquest néer attends if brain who cant himself dis

guise who Cant himself disguise

Then should if fair one Haughty prove;
And my fond suit disdain;
When Arts, nor bold, nor tender move,
She's soon forgot again:
But if to Crown me with Success,
She kindly does Comply,
I of the Nymph require but this;
To love as long as I.

The Gear and the Bragrie o't


Brisk
O shame light on this World's Pelf when I see how
little o't I've got to my self I'm wae when I look on my tread bare Coat
Shame fa' the Gear & the Bragrie o't

For Jenny was the Lass that muck'd ỹ Byre,
But now she is clad in her Silken attire,
And Jenny was ỹ Lass that wore the plaiden Coat,
O shame fa' the Gear and the Bragrie o't.

And Jockey was ỹ Ladie that gade at ỹ Plough,
Tho' now he's gotten Gowd & Gear enough,
But I have seen ỹ Day when he was not worth a groat,
O shame fa the Gear and ỹ Bragrie o't.

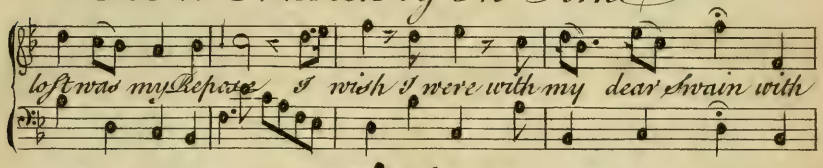
But all this shall never Dauntin me,
As long as I keep my fancy free,
As longs I have a Penny to pay for my Scot,
Way ỹ Diel take ỹ Gear & ỹ Bragrie o't.

The Bonny Broom A Favourite Song

Moderately

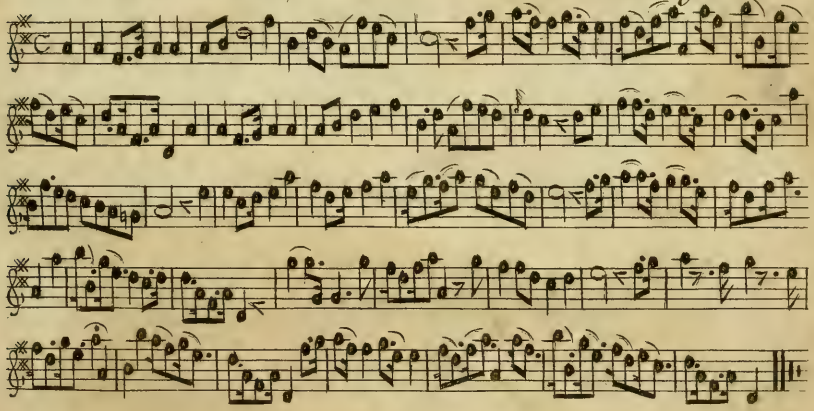
How blyth was I each Morn to see my Swain come
o'er the Hill He leap'd the Brook and flew to meet him
with good Will I neither wanted Ewe nor Lamb when
his Flocks near me lay He gather'd in my Sheep at Night &
chear'd me all the Day O the Broom, the bonny bonny Broom, the

Set to Musick by Mr Arne



He tand his Pipe & Reed sae sweet
The Birds stood listning by
The fleecy sheep stood still & gaz'd
Charm'd with his Melody
While thus we spent our time by turn
Betwixt our Flocks & Play
I envyd not ye fairest Dame
Tho ever so rich and Gay
O the Broom &c

He did obligе me evry Hour
Could I but faithfull be
He stole my Heart could I refuse
What ever he ask'd of me
Hard fate that I must banish'd be
Gang heavily & mourn
Because I lovd ye kindest Swain
That ever yet was born
O the Broom &c



To keep my Gentle Jessey

Gently

To keep my gentle Jessy what

Labour would seem hard Each toylsome Task how

ea sy! Her Love the sweet reward the

Sweet reward her Love the sweet reward the sweet re

ward her Love the sweet reward The Bee thus uncomplaining Es

A Favourite Song Set by Mr Arne

teems no Toyl severe The Bee thus uncomplaining Esteems no

Toyl severe the sweet reward obtaining of Honey all the

Year the sweet reward obtaining of Honey all the Year the

sweet reward of Honey all the Year the sweet re

ward of Honey all the Year

For the German Flute

Friendship United Set by Mr Bell

Moderately As pleasing as

hades to away faring swain when the Ardour of Phœbus has

ay'd the schorchd Plain as Groves to the Sinnet or Thyme to the

ee so welcome my fair one so welcome to me

Whom Love has united no Tyrants can part,
Nor can time ever efface what's Engravd in y^e Heart;
Remembrance survives when all Rapture is past,
And friendship's a Flame that burns bright to y^e last.

The Innocent Fair. Set by Mr Bell

Gently

Young I am & yet unskill'd how to make a Lov...er yield how to

keep or how to gain when to Love and when to Feign

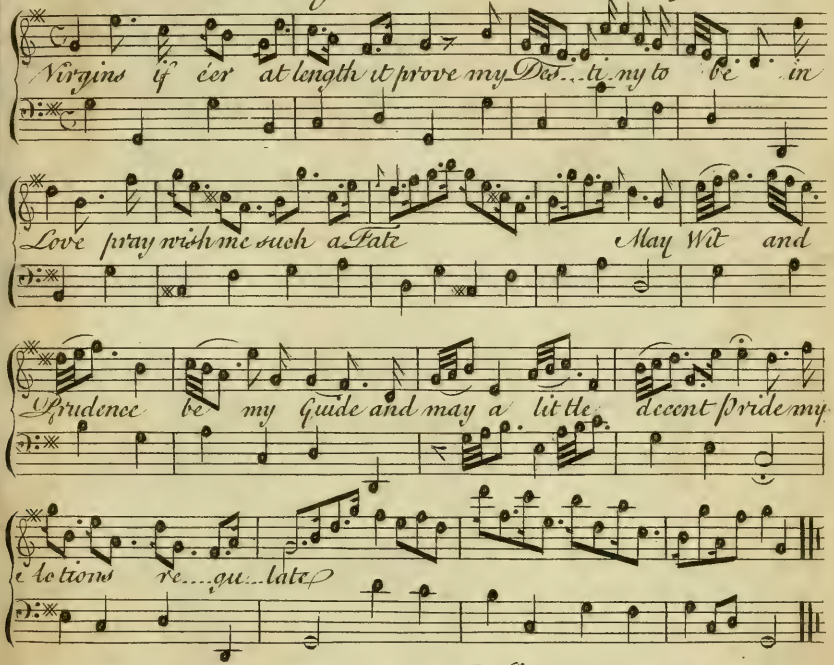
Take me take me Some of You While I yet am young and

true E'er I can my Soul disguise Heave my Breasts &

roll my Eyes

Stay not till I learn the Way,
How to lye and to betray;
He that takes me first is best,
For I may deceive the rest;
Could I meet a blooming Youth,
Full of Love and full of Truth,
Brisk, and of a Gentle Mien,
I should long to be Fifteen.

The Virgins Wish Set by Mr Bell

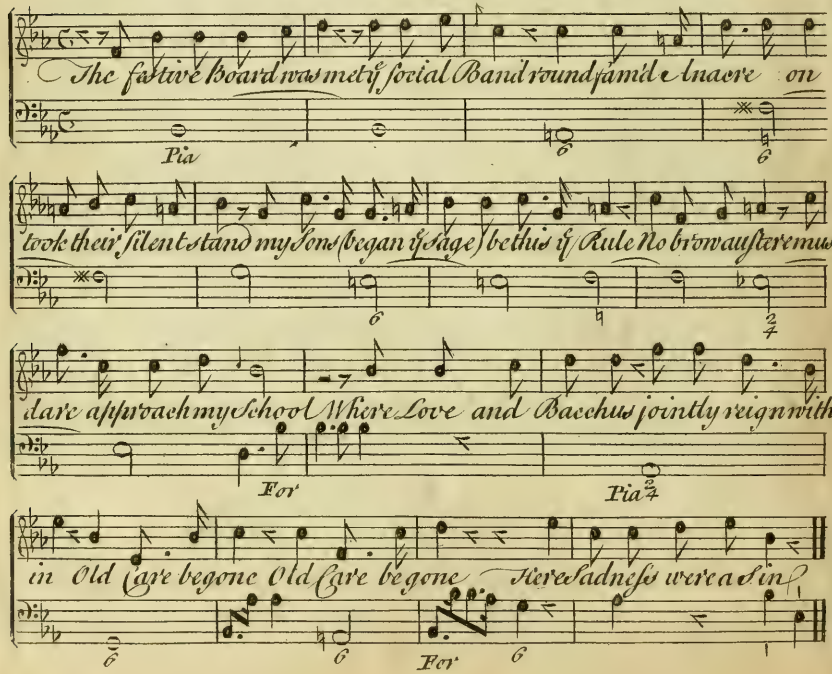

Virgins if e'er at length it prove my Des...ti...ny to be in
Love pray wish me such a Fate May Wit and
Prudence be my Guide and may a little decent Pride my
Mo tions re...gu...late

Such stately lines I mean as may
Keep nauseous fools & fops away
But still oblige the wise
That may secure my Modesty
And Guardian to my honour be
When Passion does arise?

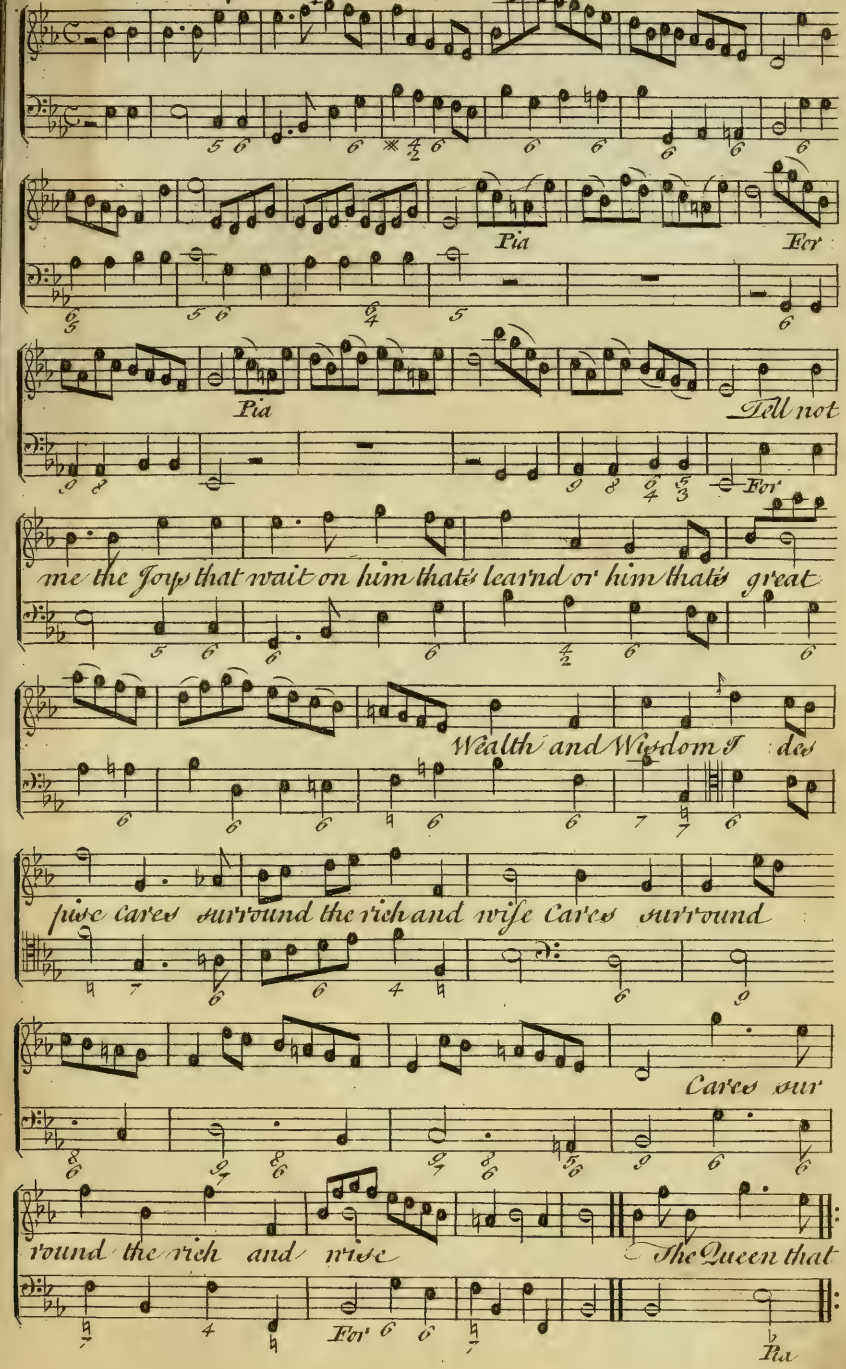
When first a Lover I commence
May it be with a Man of Sence
And learned Education
May all his Courtship easy be
Neither to formal nor too free
But wisely shew his Passion

May his Estate agree with mine
That nothing look like a Design
To bring us into Sorrow
Grant me all this that I have said
And willingly I'd live a Maid
No longer than to Morrow.

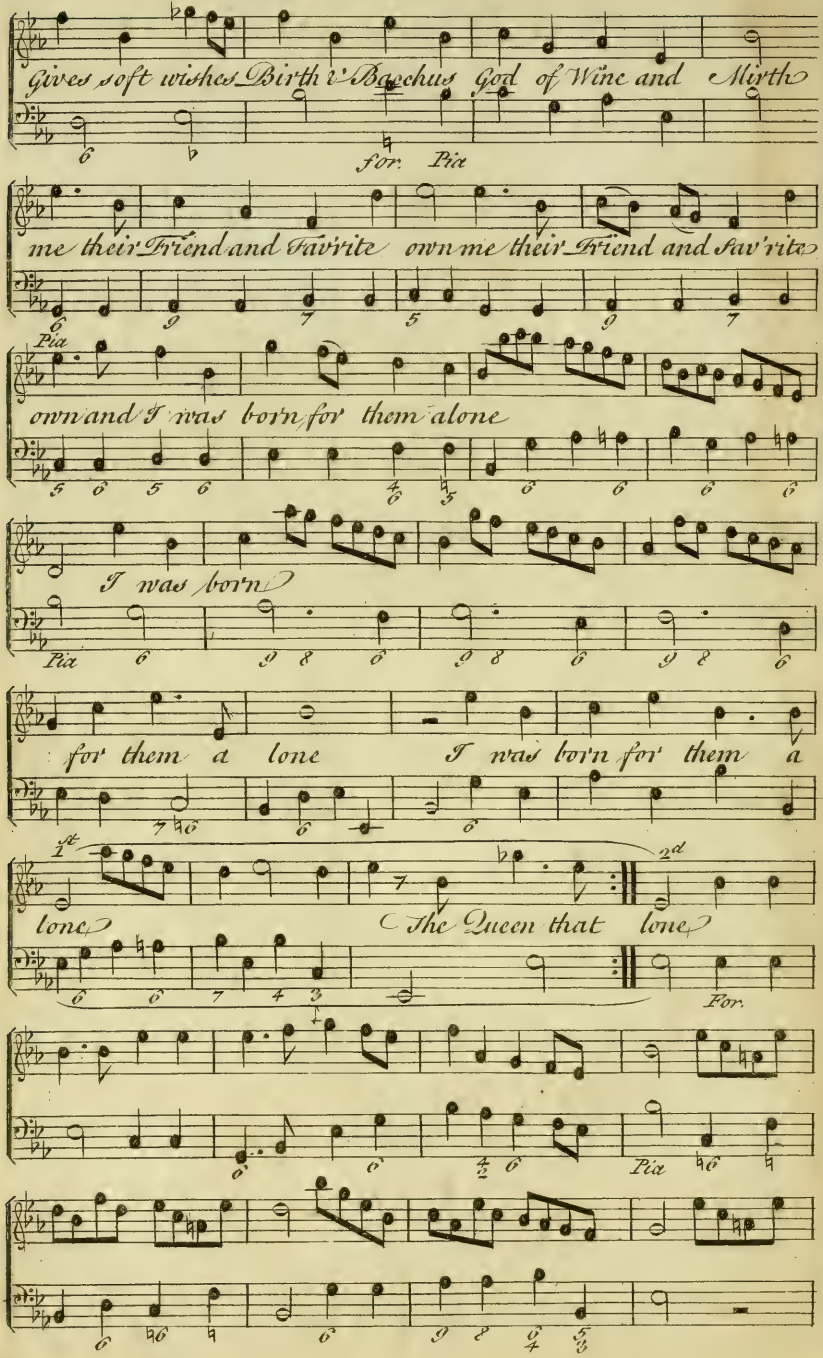
The School of Anacreon


The festive board was met, A social Band round jamid Anacreon
Pia
took their silent stand my Sons began (Sage) be this my Rule No brow austere must
For
dare approach my School Where Love and Bacchus jointly reign with
Pia
in Old Care begone Old Care be gone Here sadness were a sin
For

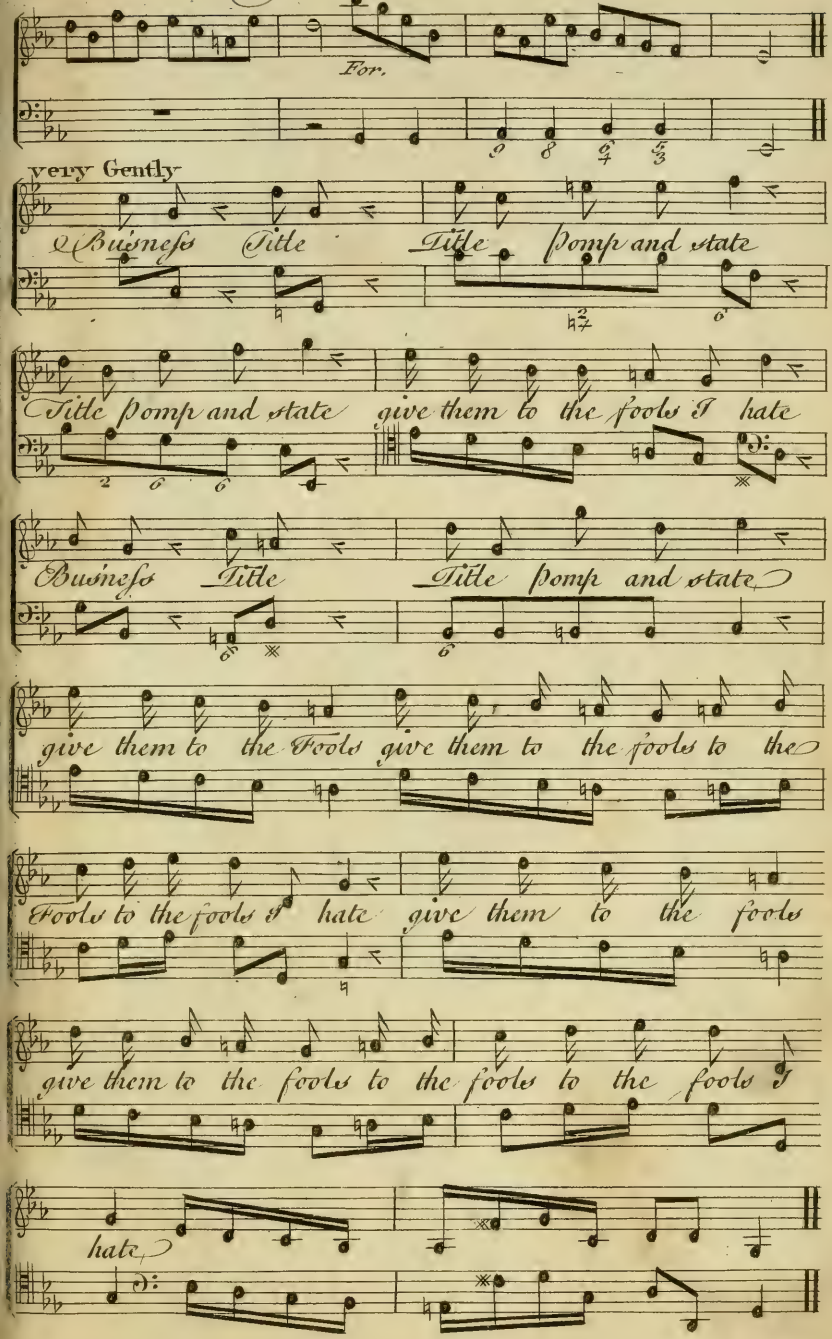
A favourite Cantata



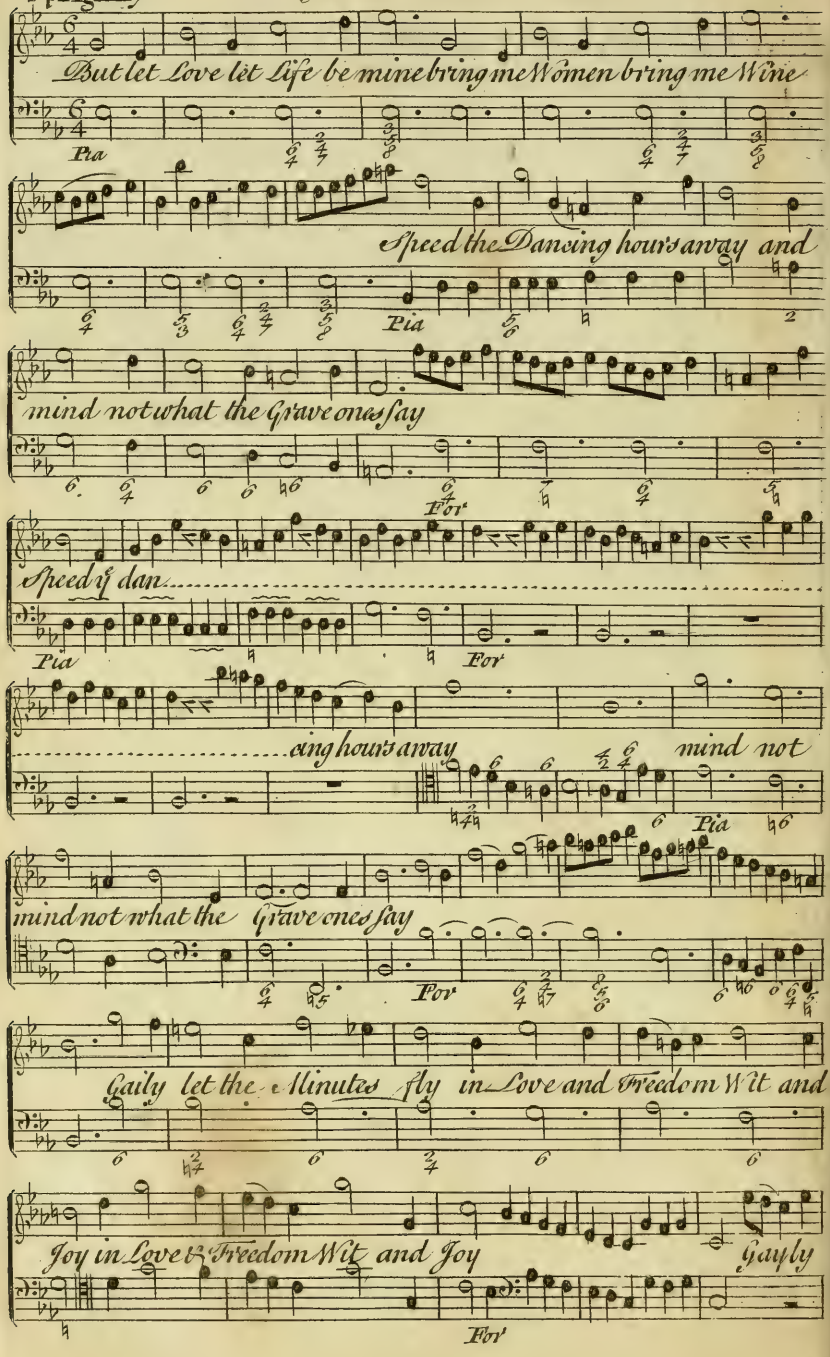
Set to Musick

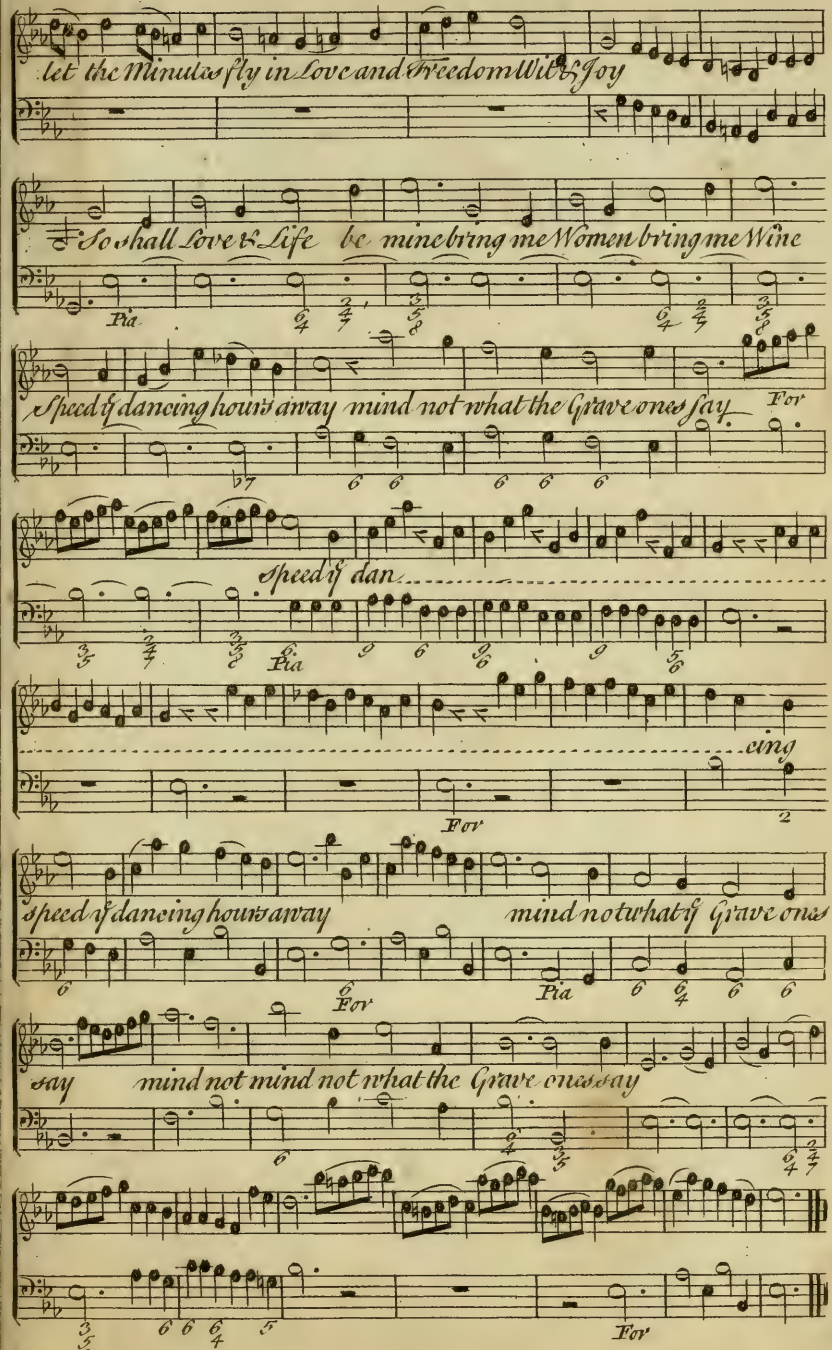


by Mr. Arne

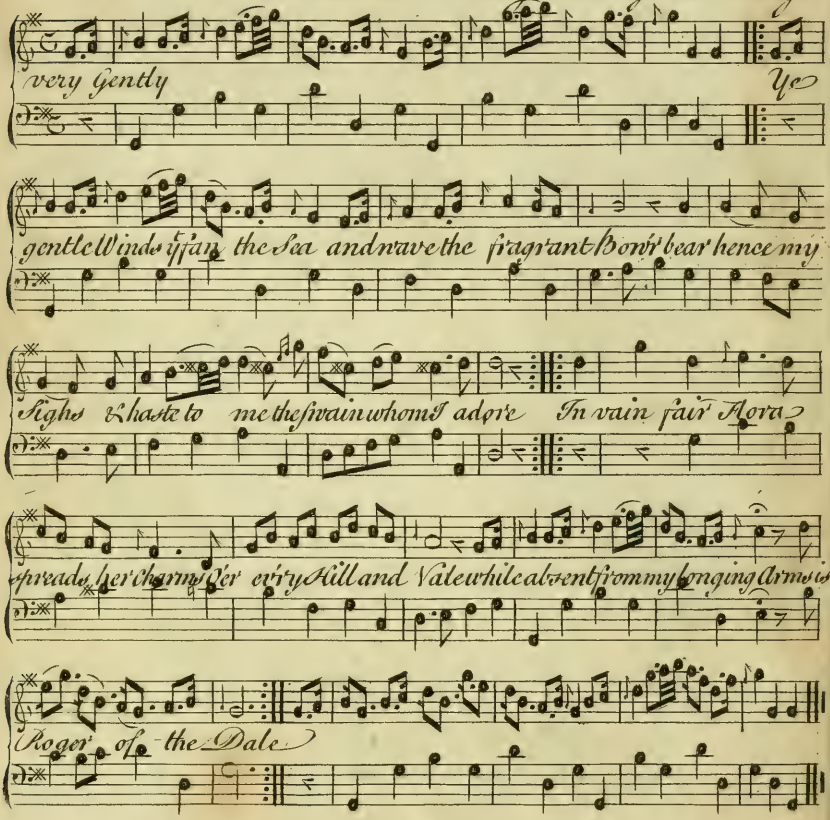

For.
very Gently
Busnefs Title Title Pomp and state
Title pomp and state give them to the fools I hate
Busnefs Title Title pomp and state
give them to the Fools give them to the fools to the
Fools to the fools I hate give them to the fools
give them to the fools to the fools to the fools I
hate

Sung by Mr Lowe

Sprightly

at Vaux Hall


let the Minutes fly in Love and Freedom With Joy
So shall Love & Life be mine bring me Women bring me Wine
Pia
For
Speed ſ dancing hours away mind not what the Grave ones ſay
Speed ſ dan
cing
For
speed ſ dancing hours away
mind not what ſ Grave ones
Pia
say
mind not mind not what the Grave ones say
For

A Favourite Song. Set by Mr Riley


very Gently
Ye
gentle Winds y fan the Sea and wave the fragrant Bow'r bear hence my
Sighs & haste to me the swain whom I adore In vain fair Flora
spreads her Charms o'er ev'ry Hill and Vale while absent from my longing Arms is
Roger of the Dale

Let wanton Nymphs & Swains employ,
In sensual Love their Days;
While I my Darling Youth enjoy,
In Vertues Smiling Rays,
Take all the false delights of Courts
Each glitt'ring Beau & Belle,
Give me with harmless rural Sports,
My Roger of the Dale.

Toby Reduc'd

Set by Mr Hodson

Lively

Dear Tom this brown Jug that now foams with mild Ale In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the

Vale was once Toby Fill pot a thirsty old Soul As ever drank a Bottle or

fathomd a Bowl In Boozing about twas his praise to excell and among Jolly

Topers he bore of the Bell He bore of the Bell

It chanc'd in dog Days as he sat at his ease
In his Flow'r woven Arbour as gay as you please
With a friend & a Pipe puffing Sorrow away
And with honest old Stingo was soaking his Clay
His breath Doors of Life on a sudden were shut
And he died full as big as a Dorchester Butt

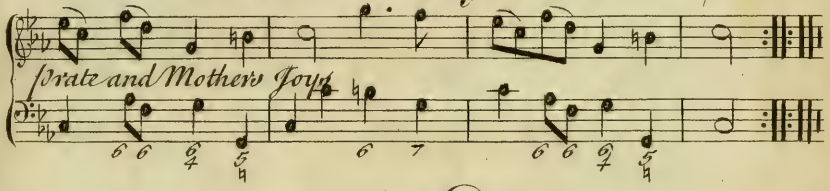
His Body when long in y Ground it had lain
And time into Clay had dissolv'd it again
A Potter found out in its Covert so snug
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown Jug
Now sacred to Friendship & Mirth & mild Ale
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the Vale

Sylvia

Moderate

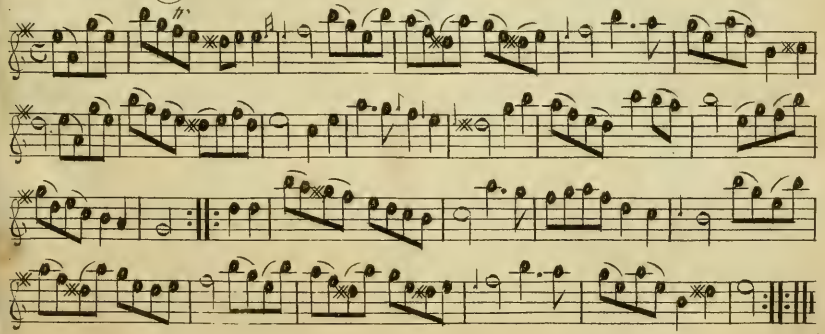
Sylvia wilt thou waste thy Prime
Stranger to the Joys of Love thou haste Youth & thats the
Time every Minute to improve Round thee wilt thou
never hear Little wanton Girls & Boys sweetly
Sounding in thy Ear Sweetly sounding in thy Ear Infant

Set to Musick by Mr Arne



Only view that little Dove
Softly cooing to its Mate
As a further proof of Love
See her for his kisses wait
Hark that charming Nightingale
As it flies from Spray to Spray
Sweetly tunes an Amrous Tale Sweetly &c
I love I love it strives to say

Could I to thy Soul reveal
But the least the Thousandth Part
Of those Pleasures Lovers feel
In a mutual change of Heart
Then repenting wouldst thou say
Virgins Fears from hence remove
All the Time is thrown away All the &c
That we cannot spend in Love



A Humerous Song

Moderately quick

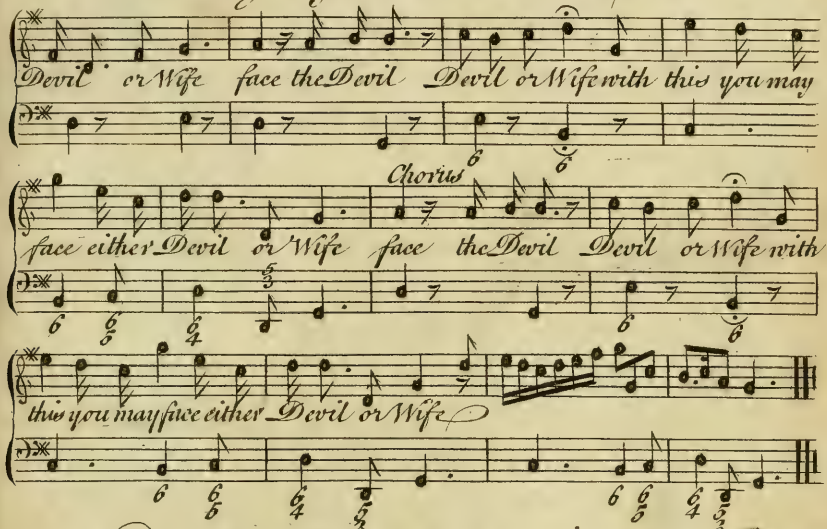
Ye Prigs who are troubled in Consciences Qualms who ever are praying or

chanting of Psalms come listen awhile & I'll Sing you a Song shall open your Eyes

open your Eyes shall open your Eyes & you'll see right from wrong

In Claret alone you should place all your hope there's more Absolution in

this then in Popetis the famous Elixir Salutis of Life with this you may face either

Sung by Mr. Beard

Devil or Wife face the Devil Devil or Wife with this you may
Chorus
face either Devil or Wife face the Devil Devil or Wife with
this you may face either Devil or Wife

Your Mars, & Apollo, in Spite of the Schools,
And Jupiter eke to our Bacchus are Fools,
When his blessed Spirit enlivens our Clods,
Each Mortals inspir'd with ye Pow'r of the Gods,
Not Mars is so Valiant, when Watchmen provoke,
Not Phœbus so wise when ye Justice we smoke,
Nor Jove half so Rampant in all his Amours,
When we thunder away from our Claret to Whores.

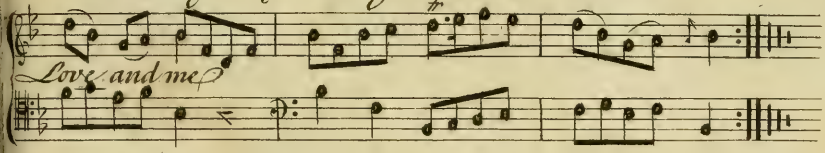
My Morals are sound — for they lye in my Glass,
My Religion and Faith are my Bottle & Lass,
My Church is the Tavern, a Vintner & Priest,
And thus I go on till the Saint is deceas'd,
And when I no longer can revel & roar;
But must part with my Bottle, my friends & my Whore,
Embalm me in Claret, pay Rites at my Shrine,
Thus living I'm happy, when dead I'm divine.

A Favourite Song Set by Mr Baildon

Brisk & lively

At tend ye Nymphs while I impart the secret wishes of my Heart and tell what Swain if one there be whom fate designs for Love to me Attend ye Nymphs while I impart the secret wishes of my Heart and tell what Swain if one there be whom fate designs for

Sung by Miss Stevenson

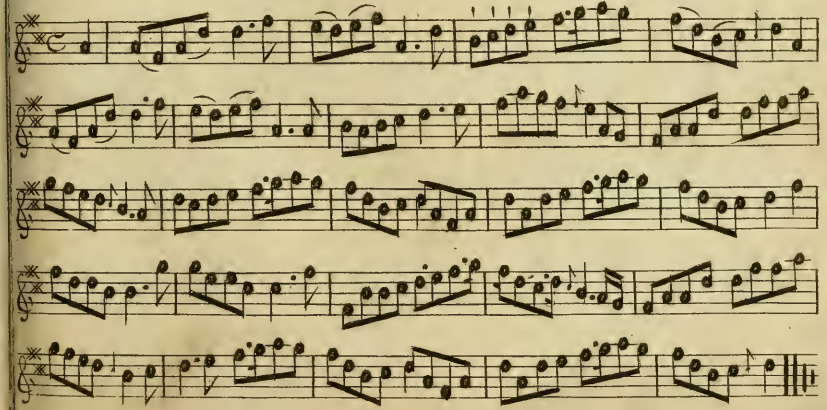


Let Reason o'er his thoughts preside
Let Honour all his Actions guide
Stedfast in Vertue let him be
The Swain designd for Love & me.

Where Sorrow prompts y^e pensive sigh
Where Griefs bedew y^e drooping Eye
Melting in Sympathy I See
The Swain designd for Love & me.

Let solid Sence inform his mind
With pure good nature sweetly joind
Sure Friend to modest merit be
The Swain designd for Love & me.

Let sordid avirice claim no part
Within his tender gen'rous Heart
Oh be that Heart from falshood free
Devoted all to Love & me.



April Fool

Lively

When April Day began to rise I saunter'd o'er ye Fragrant Mead to Lovly Sally

east her Eyes where e'er my Vagrant Footsteps led where e'er my Vagrant Footsteps led

all full of mirth appear'd the

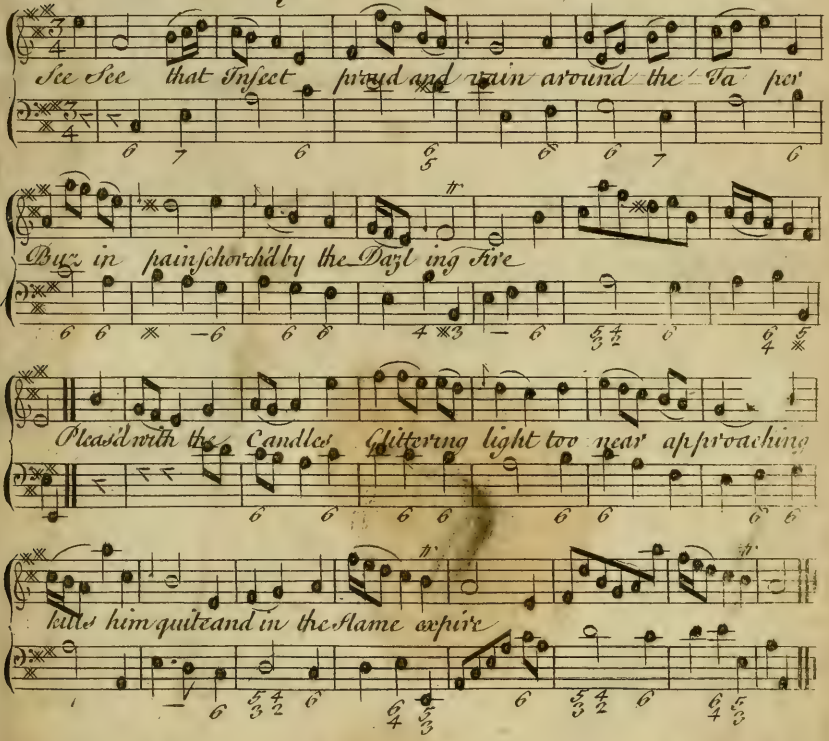
fair upon the Margin of a Pool she beckon'd but as I drew near she Laughing

call'd me April Fool April Fool April Fool she Laughing call'd me April Fool

I shook my poor untinking Head
That never dreamt on April Day
However to my Self I said
Young Maid I'll soon this trick repay
She dekid me why I stupid stood
Like some poor frighted Boy at school
Because ye Goddess of the Wood
Says I makes me an April Fool

Oh lavgy'd she fine Words indeed
Enough to win a Maidens Heart
Come Collin sound thy Oaten Reed
And play a Love Tune ere we part
I drew my Pipe which pleas'd her mll
An'd proud I let her fondness Cool
I laid per down but must not tell
How she was made an April Fool

The Fly A Simile


See See that Insect proud and vain around the Ta per
Buz in pain scorch'd by the Dazl ing Fire
Pleas'd with the Candles Glittering light too near approaching
kills him quite and in the Flame expire

Attracted thus, by Beauty's Charms,
Each Youthful Heart is in Alarms,
And hovers round the Fair;
Till by the Lightning from her Eyes,
The hapless Swains, like silly Flies
Are kill'd and Die a fear.

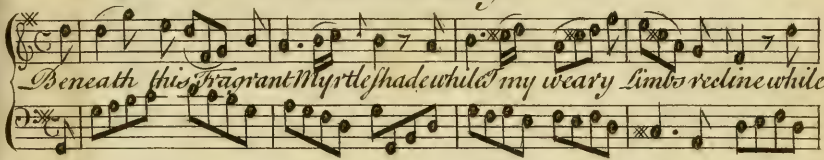
John & Nell

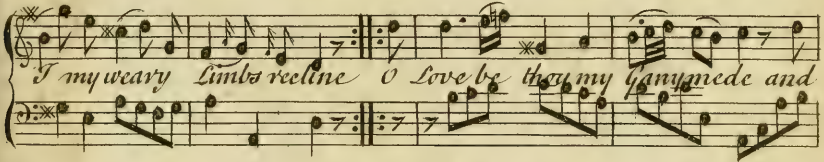
As Nell sate underneath her Cow near to a Cocks of Hay Brick John was comeing from his Plough tz hand to pass that way Like Lightning to the Maid he flew and by the Hand he squeez'd her pray John she cry'd be quiet Do and found because he teiz'd her

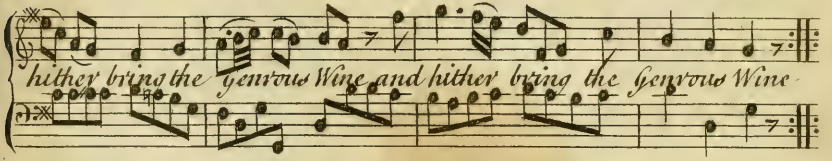
Young Cupid from his Mothers knee
Observ'd her female Pride
Go on & Prosper John (says he)
And I will be your Guide
Then aim'd at Nelly's Breast a dart
From Pride it soon releas'd her
She faintly cry'd I feel the smart
And sigh'd because it pleas'd her

John laid himself down by her side
And stole a Kiss or two
And Flatt'ry & Charm he also try'd
Till she the kinder grew
The Poison soon began to spread
And in the Nick he seiz'd her
She trembled blush'd & Shun'd her Head
Then smild because he pleas'd her

A New Song







How Swift the wheel of Life revolves
How soon lifes little race is o'er
But Oh when Death this frame dissolves
Mirth Joy and Frolick is no more

Why then ah! Fool profusely vain
With Incence shall thy Pavements shine
Why dost thou pour O wretch profane
On senceless Earth the Nectar'd Wine

To me thy breathing Odours bring
On me the mantling Bowls bestow
Go Cloe rob the Roseate Spring
For Wreaths to grace my honour'd Brow

Yes e'er the airy dance I Join
Of fleeting Shadows light and vain
I'll wisely drown in floods of Wine
Each busy Care and Idle Pain

A Favourite Song

Tenderly

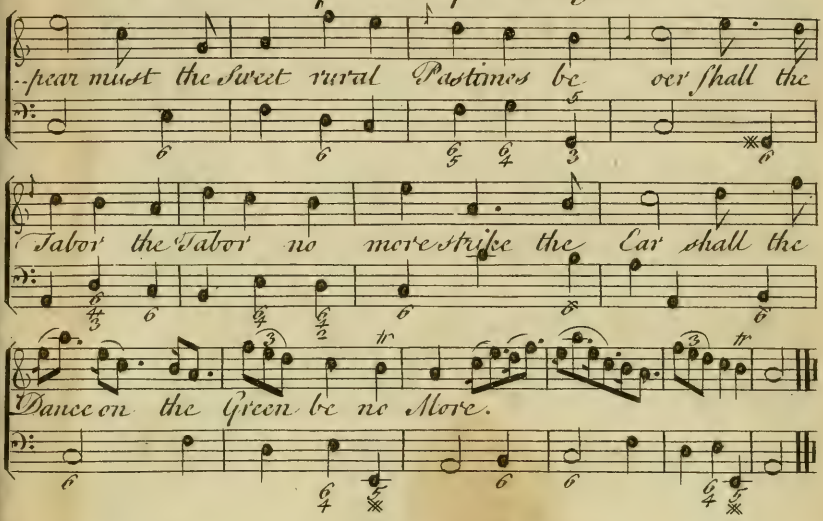
My fond Shepherds of late were so

Blest their fair Nymphs were so happy and gay that each

Night they went Sadly to Rest and they Merrily

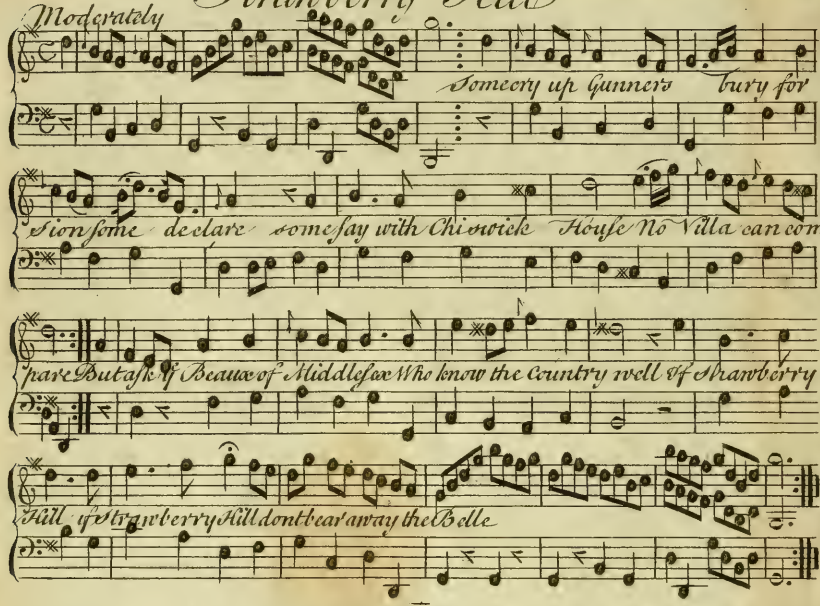
Sung through the Day But ah! what a Scene must Ap

in the Opera of Eliza


--pear must the Sweet rural Pastimes be over shall the
Tabor the Tabor no more strike the Ear shall the
Dance on the Green be no More.

Will the Flocks from their Pasture be led
Must ye Herds go wild straying abroad
Shall the Looms be as stopt in each Shed
And ye Ships be all moord in each Road
Must the Arts be all scatterd around
And shall Commerce grow sick of her Tide
Must Religion expire on the Ground
And shall Virtue sink down by her side

Strawberry Hill


Moderately
Some cry up Gunnersbury for
Sion some declare some say with Chiswick House No Villa can com
pare But ask the Beaux of Middlesex Who know the Country well Of Strawberry
Hill if Strawberry Hill dont bear away the Belle

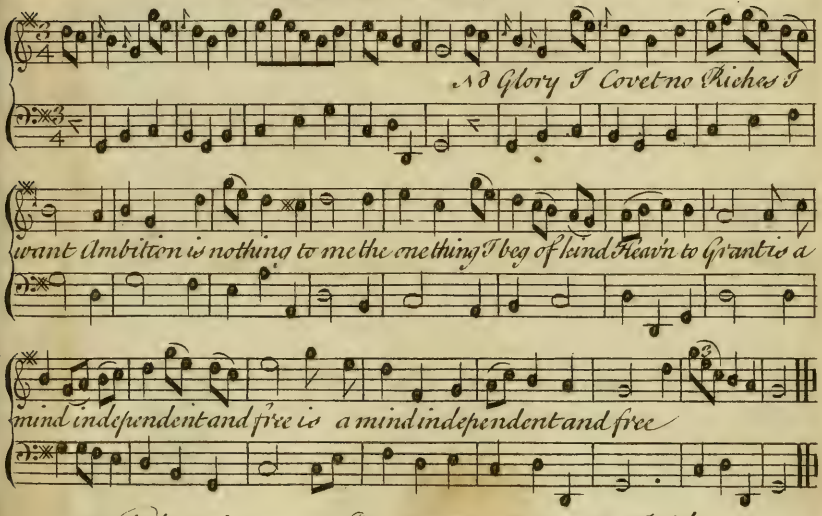
Some love to roll down Greenwich Hill
For this thing and for that
And some prefer sweet Marble Hill
Tho sure 'tis somewhat Flat
Yet Marble Hill & Greenwich Hill
If Kitty Clive can tell
From Strawberry Hill from Strawberry Hill
Cant bear away the Belle

Since Denham sung of Coopers
Theres scarce a Hill around
But what in Song or Ditty
Is turnd to Fairy Ground
Ah peace be with their Memory
I wish them wondrous well
But Strawberry Hill But Strawberry Hill
Will bear away the Belle

The Surry boasts its Oak lands
And Claremont kept so Trim
And some prefer sweet Southcoots
'Tis but a Dainty Whim
But ask the Gallant Bristol
Who doth in Taste excell
If Strawberry Hill If Strawberry Hill
Dont bear away the Belle

Great William dwells at Windsor
As Edward did of Old
And many a Gaul & many a Scot
Have found him full as bold
On lofty Hills like Windsor
Such Heros ought to dwell
Yet a little Girl like Strawberry Hill
Like Strawberry Hill as well

Contentment


Nd Glory I Covet no Riches I
want Ambition is nothing to me the one thing I beg of kind Heavn to Grant is a
mind independent and free is a mind independent and free

With Passion unruffled untainted with Pride
By Reason my Life let me Square
The wants of my Nature are cheaply supply'd
And the rest is but folly and Care

The Blessings which Providence freely has lent
I'll Justly and gratefully prize
Whilst sweet Meditation & chearfull content
Shall make me both healthy and wise

In the Pleasures the great Mans possessions display
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part
For evry fair object my Eyes can survey
Contributes to gladden my Heart

How vainly through infinite trouble and care
The many their Labours employ
Since all that is truly delightfull in life
Is what all if they will may enjoy

The Generous Confidence

Lively

Ah Strephon what can mean the Joy the eager Joy I Prove

the eager Joy I prove When you each tender Art employ to

win my Soul to Love When you each tender Art employ to win my Soul to

Love to win to win my Soul to Love

So well your Passion you reveal
So top the Lover's part,
That I with Blushes own I feel
A Rebel in my Heart.

Then take my Heart that pines to go,
But see it kindly us'd;
For who such Presents will bestow,
If thus I should be abus'd.

A Favourite Song Set by Mr Oswald

Recit

Would you obtain the gentle Fair assume a French fantastick Air oft when the Genrous

Air

Britton fails the foppish Foreigner prevails

You must teach her to dance as if

she did'nt mind Pains & shake y Brains into Effect look your Part be a Grace all below your Face and

dress most affectedly neat and dress most and dress oth & dress most affectedly neat

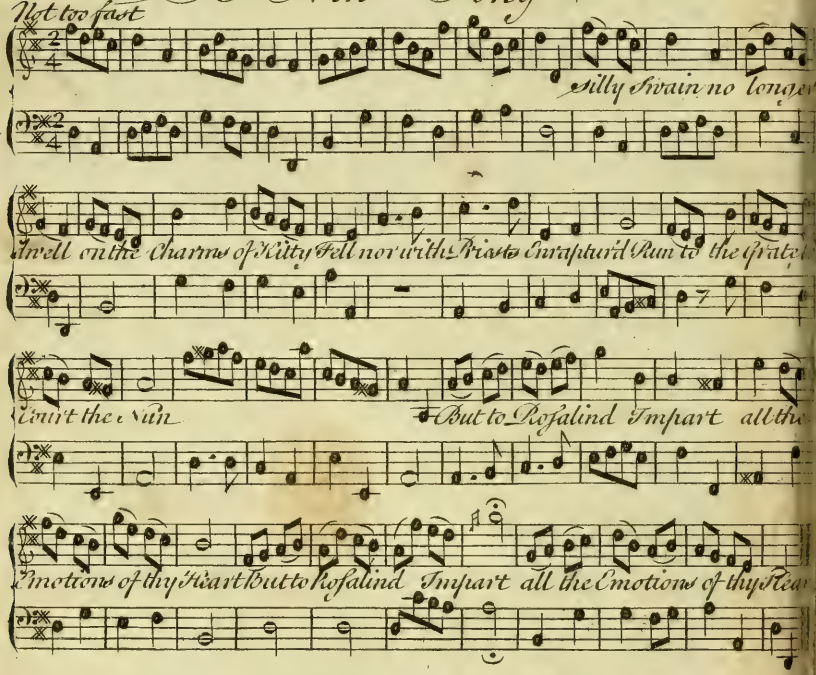
Then bow down like a Beau
Hop and turn out your Toe
Lead Miss by y Hand & clear a the
Draw your Glove with an Air
At your white Stockings stare
And simper & Ogle and flatter

Walk y Figure of Eight
With your Rump stiff & Straight
Then turn her with delicate Ease
Bow again very low
Your good Breeding to show
And Missy you'll perfectly please

If these Steps you pursue
You will soon bring her too
And rifle the Child of her Charms
Her poor Heart will heave high
And she'll languish and Sigh
And Caper quite into your Arms

A New Song.

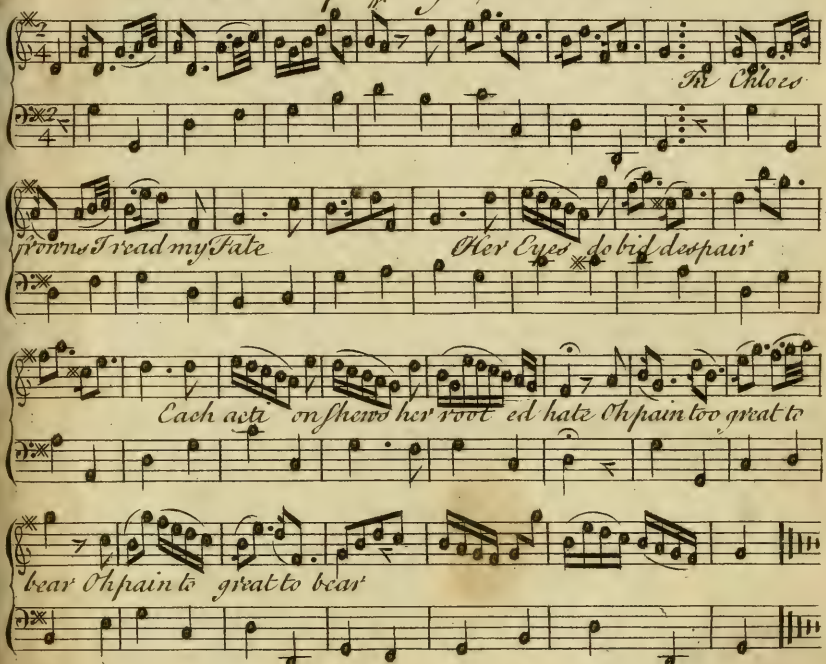
Not too fast


Silly Swain no longer
Dwell on the Charms of Kitty Fell nor with Priests Enraptur'd Run to the Grate
Court the Nun But to Rosalind Impart all the
Emotions of thy Heart But to Rosalind Impart all the Emotions of thy Hea

Tell her all's that's good and Fair,
In her Person centred are,
Tell her too however inclin'd,
To be good is to be kind,
While she deigns to hear the Tale,
Truth and Virtue may prevail.

But Oh if some happier Swain,
All her fond Attention gain,
Seated in the Silent Bow'r,
At the melting Midnight Hour,
She may listen while she's won,
She's too fair to dye a Nun.

The Despairing Lover


Fr Chloes
frowns I read my Fate
Her Eyes do bid despair
Each action shews her rooted hate Oh pain too great to
bear Oh pain to great to bear

When I in tears fall at her feet
She'll not one look afford,
Nor all the torments I repeat,
Can gain one tender word:
Since Cloe's love alas I know
It is in vain to Crave,
Her pity may one word bestow
And dying Damon save.

Ye lovers happy with the Fair,
Oh teach me all your art,
That I to Joy may change my care,
And gain my Cloes Heart.

Sung by Miss Isabella Young

Pia For

Pia For

:S:

Where chaste Dian keeps her Court Saunds and the Wood Nymphs sport

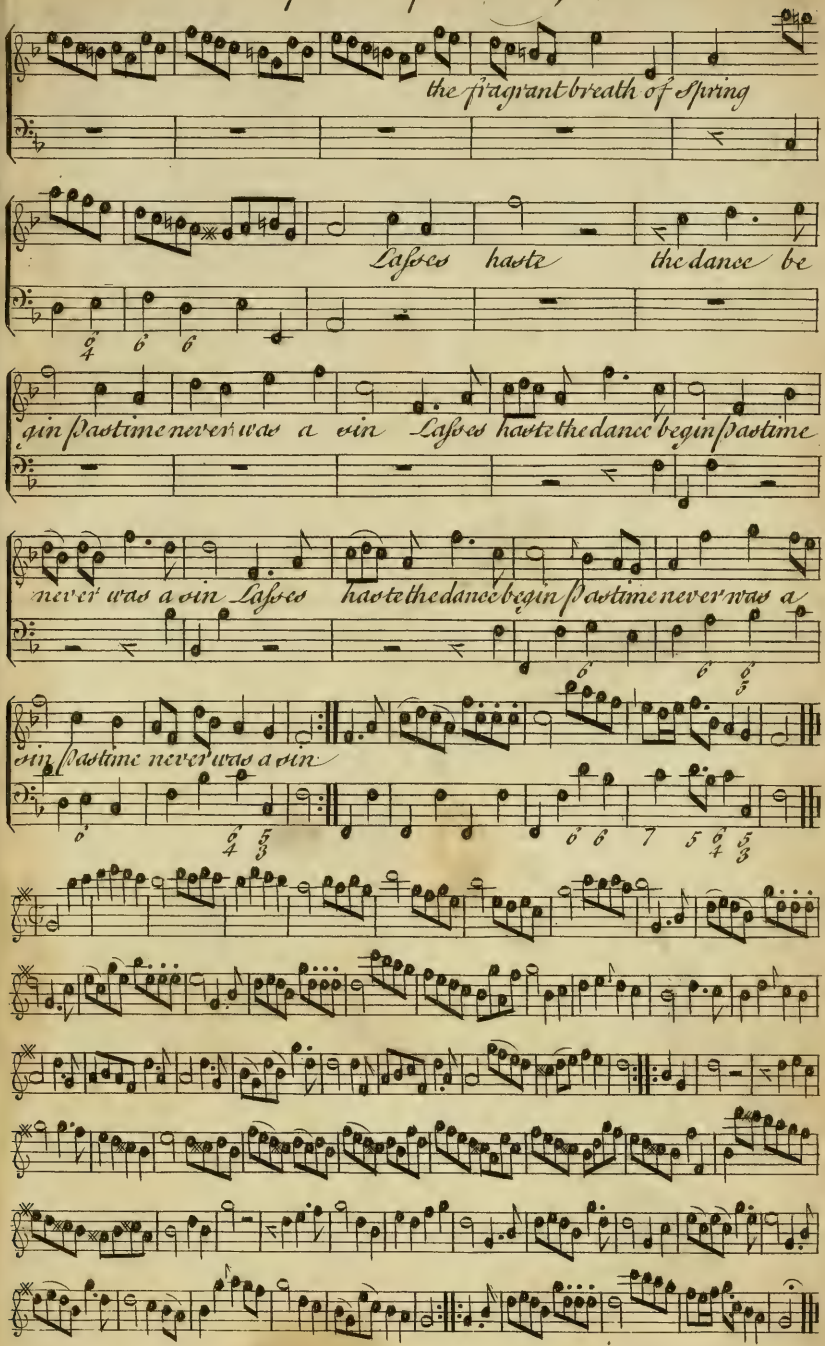
there the merry merry Roundelay tells the Shepherds Holly day Here the

:S:

merry merry Roundelay tells the Shepherds Holly day Shepherds Come

your Lasses bring hail the fragrant breath of Spring hail

in the Opera of Eliza


the fragrant breath of Spring
Lasses haste the dance be
gin Pastime never was a sin Lasses haste the dance begin Pastime
never was a sin Lasses haste the dance begin Pastime never was a
sin Pastime never was a sin

The Maidens Resolution

As Cloe sat sheltor'd and breath'd the Cool
Air while Musick awaken'd the Grove young Damon approach'd & ad
dress'd the Coy Fair in all the soft Language of Love But
she was so Cruel his suit she deny'd and laugh'd as he
told her his Pain and while the poor Shepherd sat wooing she

Set by Mr Defesch

cry'd I will dye a Maid I will dye a Maid my dear

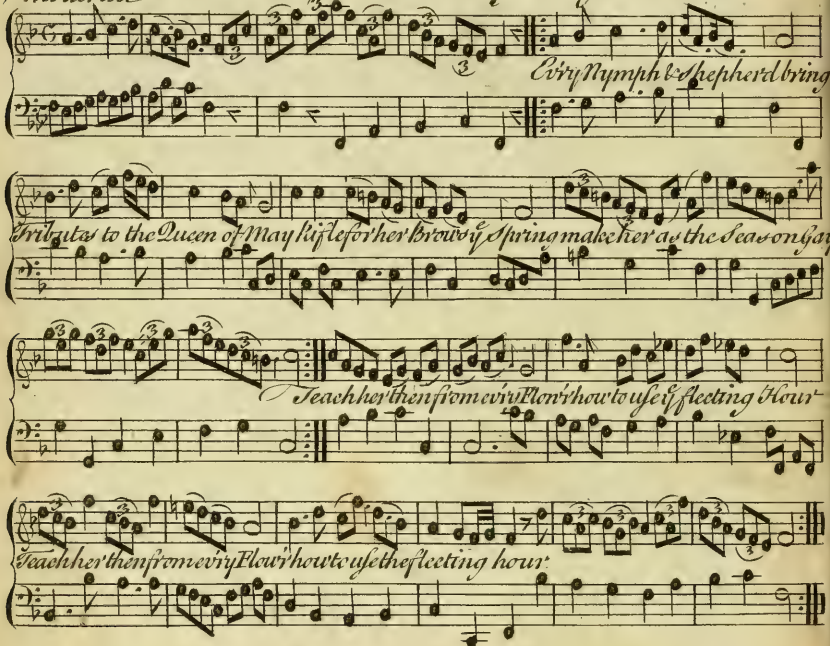
Swain

Oh what says the Youth must thy Beauty so gay,
Perplex us at once and invite,
Embrace every Rapture lest Time make a Prey,
Of that which was meant for delight,
When Age has crept round and thy Charms wrinkled o'er,
Then all will my Chloe disdain;
But still all her Answer was seaze me no more,
I will dye a Maid my dear Swain.

Young Damon protested no other hed prize,
His Flame was so strong and sincere;
Then watchid the Emotions that play'd in her Eyes;
And banishid his Torture and Fear,
My Joys shall be secret enraptur'd he cry'd
My Chloe be gentle and good
The Fair one grew softer and sighing reply'd,
I'd fain dye a Maid if I could.

A New Song

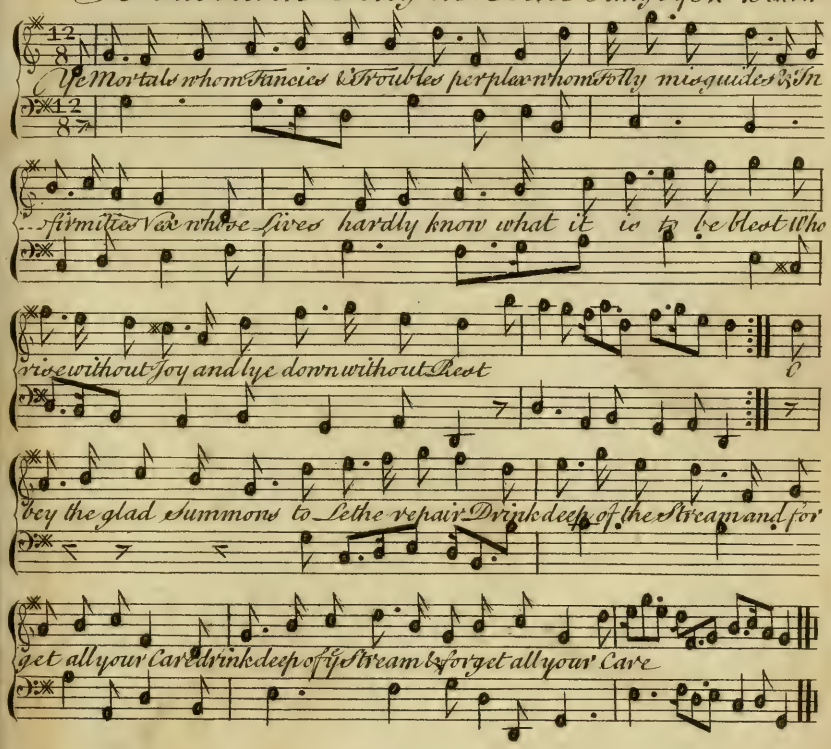
Set by Mr Oswald

Moderate

Ev'ry Nymph & Shepherd bring
Tributes to the Queen of May Lifle for her Brows & Spring make her as the Season gay
Teach her then from ev'ry Flow'r how to use & fleeting Hour
Teach her then from ev'ry Flow'r how to use the fleeting hour

Now the fair Narciſſus blows,
With his ſweetneſs now delights,
By his ſide the Maiden roſe,
With her artleſs bluſh invites,
Such ſo fragrant and ſo Gay,
Is the blooming Queen of May

Soon the fair Narciſſus dies,
Soon he droops his languid Head,
From the Roſe her purple flies,
None inviting to her Bed,
Such, tho' Now ſo ſweet and Gay,
Soon ſhall be the Queen of May.

Tho' thou art a Rural Queen,
By the ſuffrage of the Swains;
Beauty, like the Vernal Green
In thy Shrine not long Remains
Bleſs then quickly bleſs the Youth,
Who deſerves thy Love & Truth.

A Favourite Song in Lethe Sung by Mr Beard

Ye Mortals whom Fancies & Troubles perplex whom Folly misguides & Sin
--- firmities Vex who've Lives hardly know what it is to be blest Who
rise without Joy and lye down without Rest
bey the glad Summons to Lethe repair Drink deep of the Stream and for
get all your Care drink deep of the Stream & forget all your Care

Old Maids shall forget what they wish'd for in vain,
And Young Ones, the Rover they cannot regain,
The Rake shall forget how last Night he was cloy'd,
And Cloe again be with Passion enjoy'd,
Obey then the Summons, to Lethe repair,
And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.

The Wife at one Draught may forget all her Wants,
Or drench her fond Fool to forget her Gallants,
The troubled in Mind shall go chearful away,
And Yesterday's Wretch be quite happy to Day,
Obey then the Summons, to Lethe repair,
And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.

James Roberts fecit

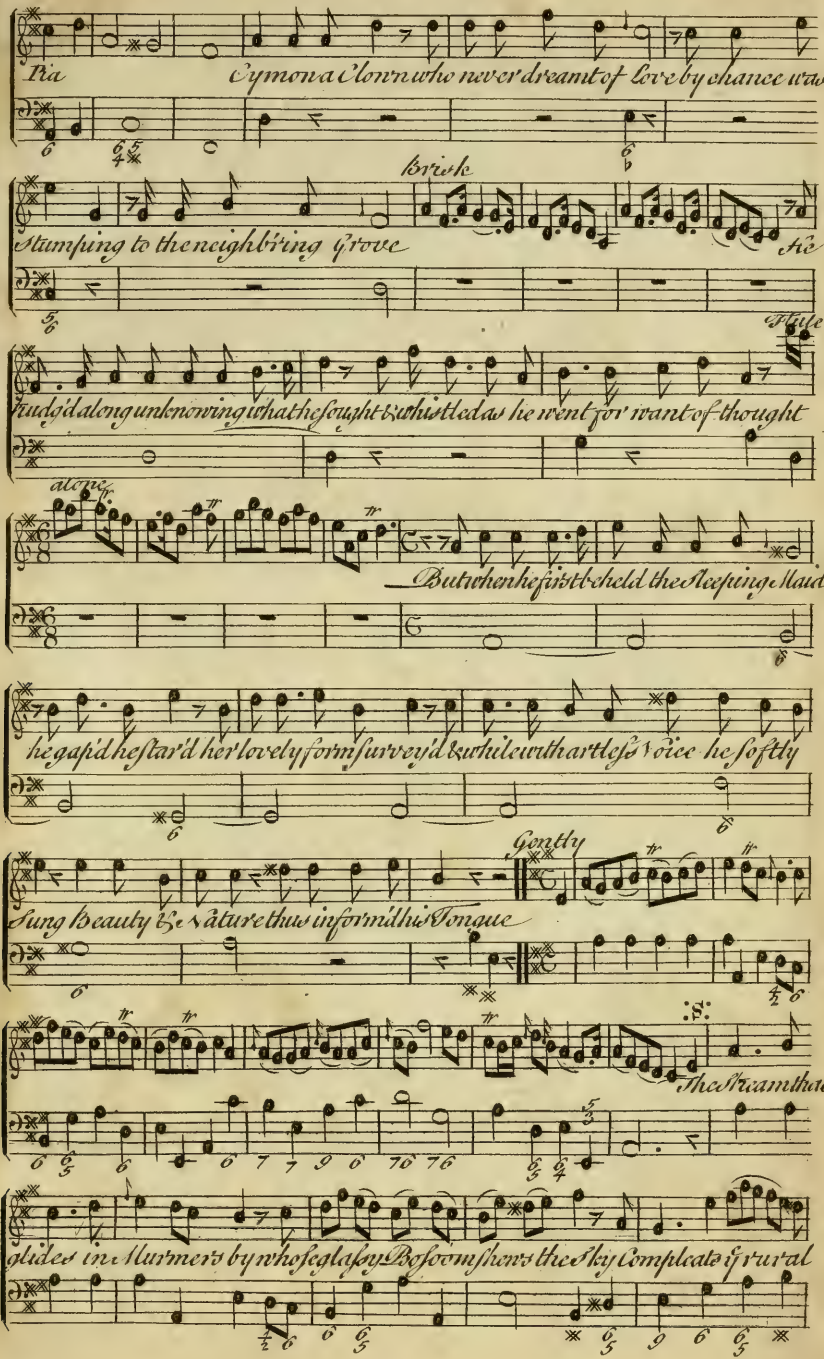
Cymon and Iphigenia

Near a thick Grove whose deep embowring Shade seemd most for Love and

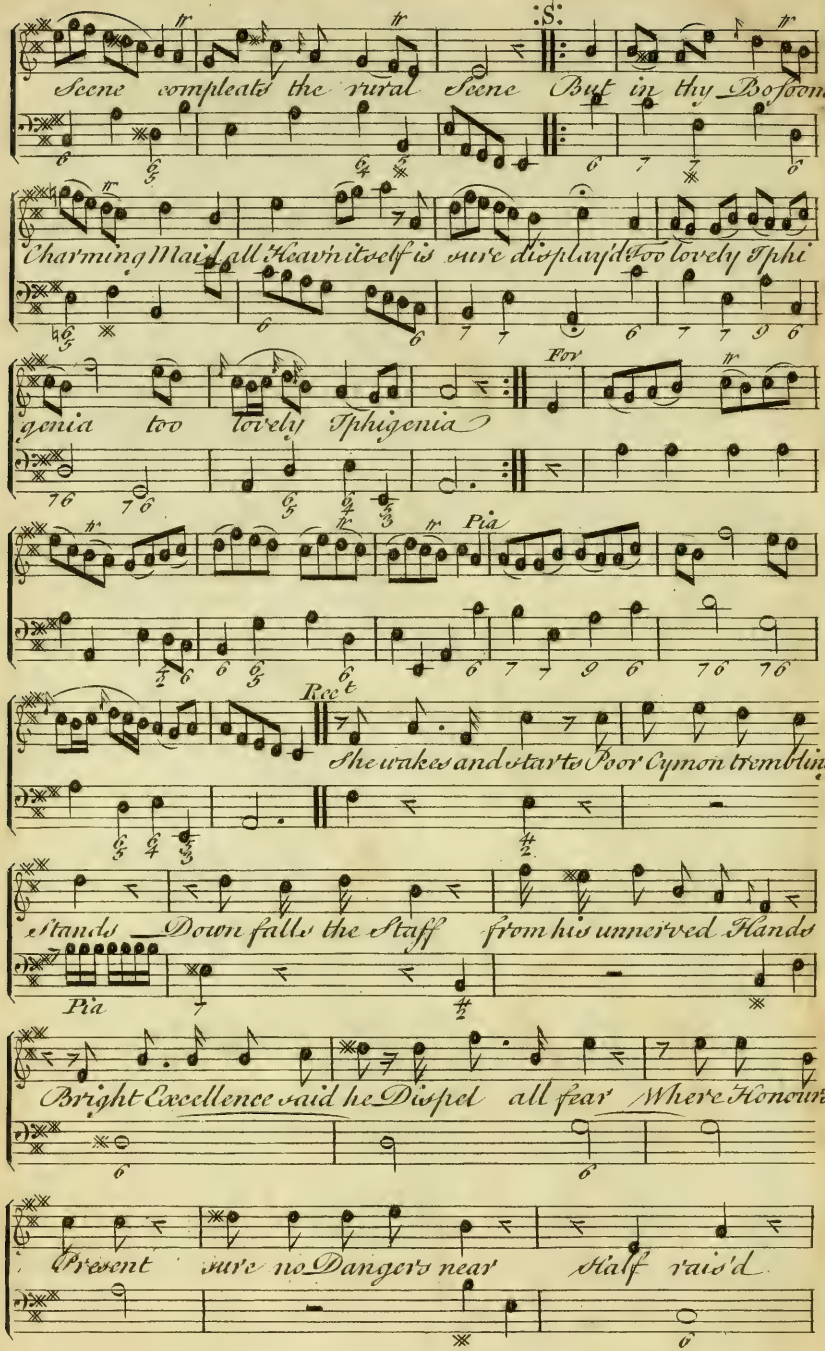
Contemplation made A Chrystal Stream with Gentle Murmur flows,

whose flowry Banks are formd for soft Repose Thither re

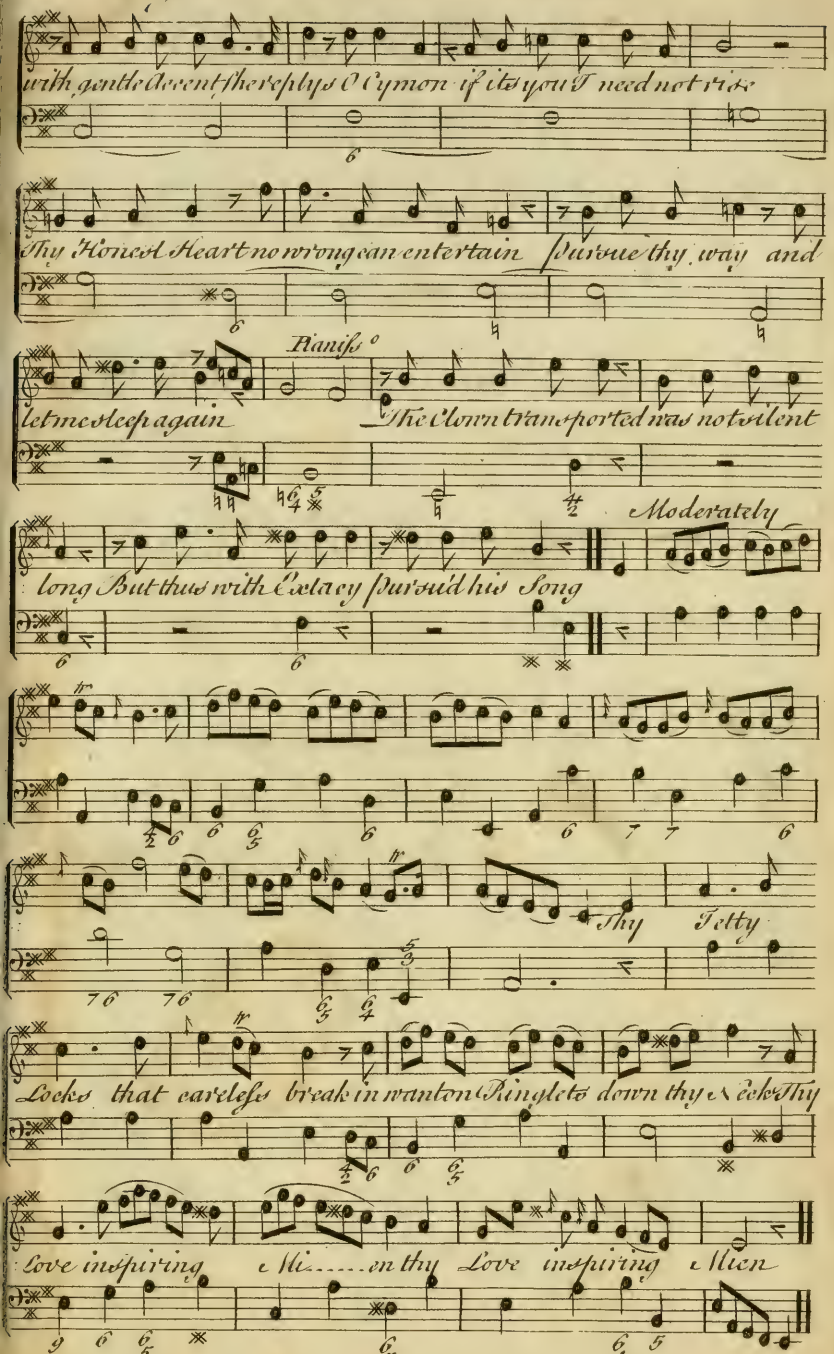
tir'd from Phebus sultry Ray and Lulld in Sleep Fair Iphigenia lay

A Favourite Cantata

Tia Cymon a Clown who never dream't of Love by chance was
brisk
stamping to the neighb'ring Grove He
Flute
trudg'd along unknowing what he sought whistled as he went for want of thought
alone
But when he first beheld the sleeping Maid
he gaz'd he star'd her lovely form survey'd while with artless Voice he softly
Gently
sung Beauty Nature thus in form'd his Tongue
The Stream that
glides in Murmers by whose glassy Bosoom shews the Sky Compleats the rural

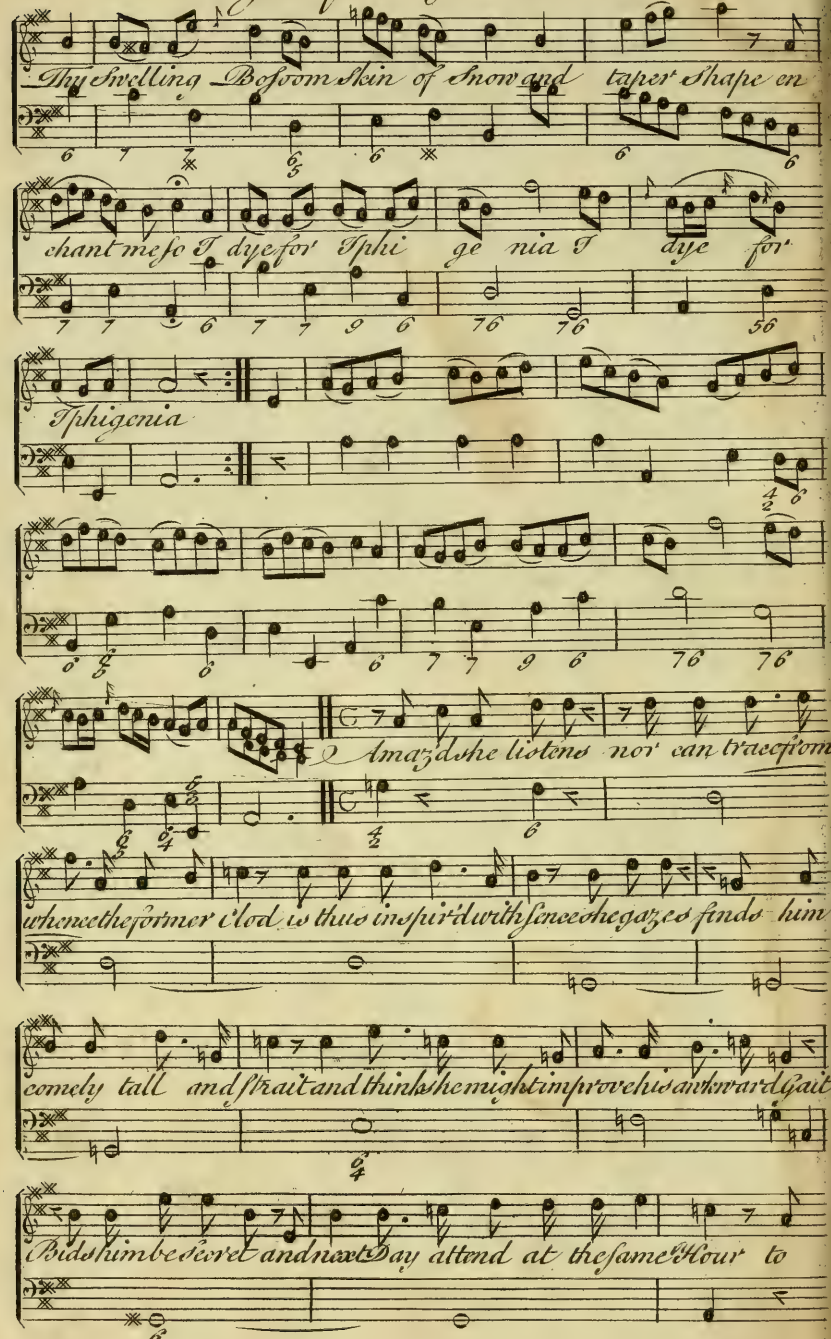
Set to Musick

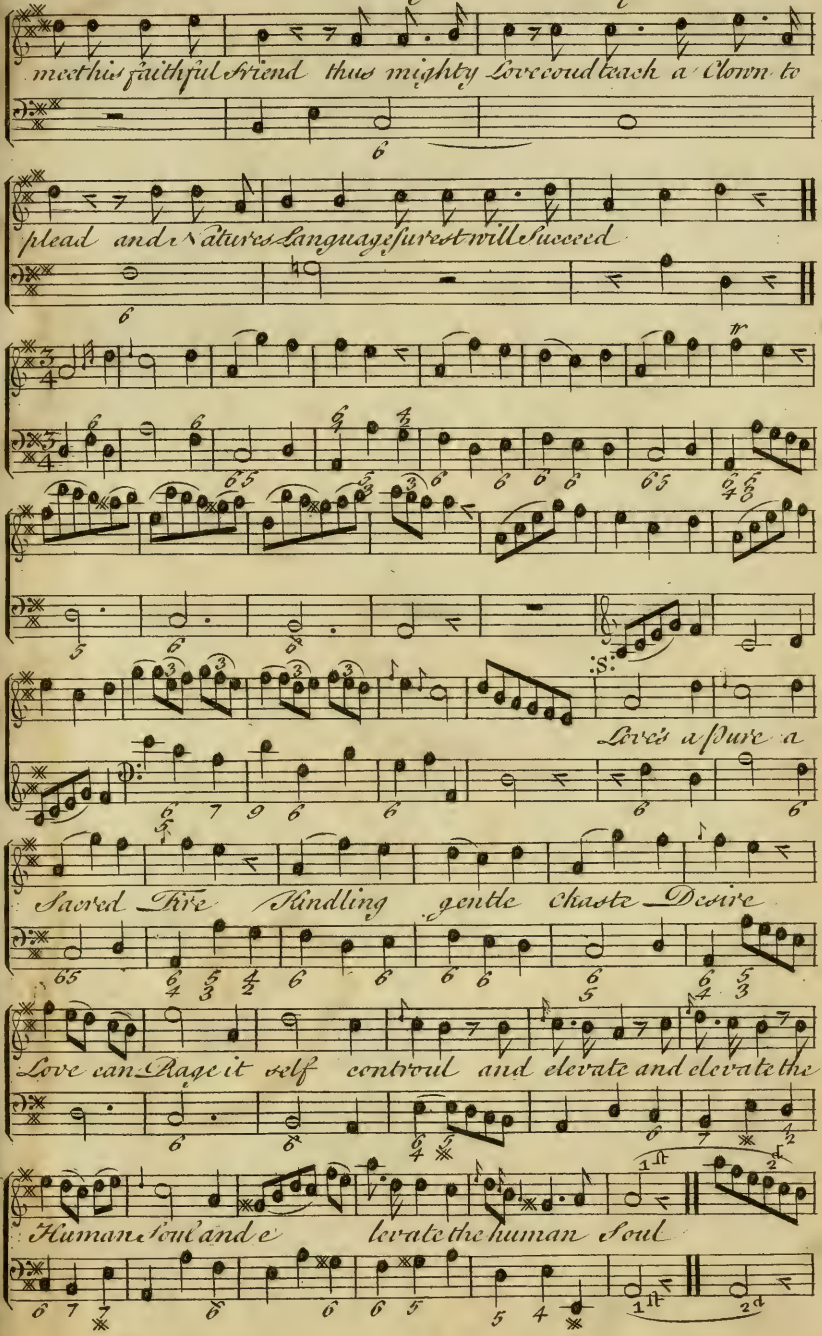

Scene compleats the rural Scene But in thy Bosoom
Charming Maid all Heav'n itself is sure display'd Too lovely Iphi
genia too lovely Iphigenia
For
Pia
Rec t
She wakes and start's Poor Cymon trembling
Stands Down falls the Staff from his unnerved Hands
Pia
Bright Excellence said he Dispel all fear Where Honour's
Present sure no Danger's near Half rais'd

by the Mr Irne Sent


with gentle Accent thereplys O Cymon if its you I need not rise
Thy Honest Heart no wrong can entertain Pursue thy way and
Pianiss o
let me sleep again The Clown transported was not silent
Moderately
long But thus with Extacy pursuid his Song
Thy Jetty
Locks that careless break in wanton Ringlets down thy Neck Thy
Love inspiring Mi.....en thy Love inspiring Mien

Sung by Mr. Beard


Thy Swelling Bosom Skin of Snow and taper Shape en
chant me so I dye for Iphi ge nia I dye for
Iphigenia
Amaz'd she listens nor can trace from
whence the former God is thus inspir'd with Speech he gazes finds him
comely tall and strait and thinks he might improve his awkward Gait
Bids him be secret and next Day attend at the same Hour to

at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane

meet his faithful friend thus mighty Love could teach a Clown to
plead and Natures Language surest will Succeed
Love's a pure a
Sacred Fire Kindling gentle chaste Desire
Love can Rage it self controul and elevate and elevate the
Human Soul and e levate the human Soul

and at Ranelagh Gardens

for. fr.

Deprivd of

that our wretched State had made our Lives of too long Date

fr.

But blest with Beauty and with Love blest with

pia.

Beauty and with Love we taste what Angels do a...bove what

An.....gels do above. for.

pia

A New Song Set by Mr. Baildon

Tenderly As

Cloe ply'd her Needles Art A purple drop the Spear made from her heedless finger Start and

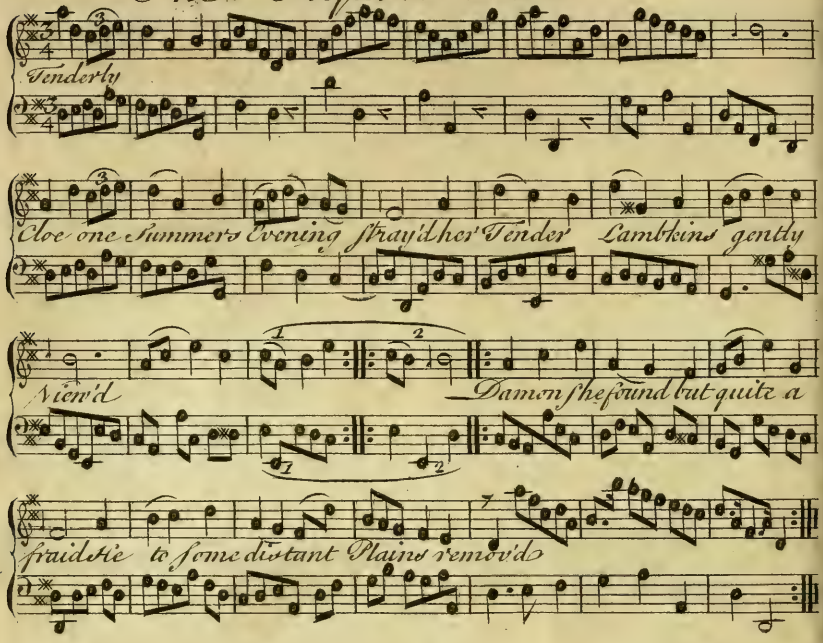
from her Eyes a Tear As Cloe ply'd her Needles Art A purple drop the

Spear made from her heedless finger Start and from her Eyes a Tear and from her Eyes a Tear

Ah might but Cloe by her Smart,
Be taught for mine to feel,
Mine caus'd by Cupids piercing Dart
More sharp to me than Steel.

Then if her Needle would adore,
Loves Arrow it should be,
Indu'd with such a subtle Pow'r,
To reach her Heart for me.

The Injur'd Fair


Tenderly
Cloe one Summers Evening strayd her Tender Lambkins gently
View'd
Damon she found but quite a
fraid she to some distant Plains remov'd

The Swain who at a distance flew,
She sought alass, but all in vain?
The fickle Youth too well he knew—
The Injur'd Cloes dreadfull Pain.

Under a Shady Willow Green,
On his Pipe he Tun'd his Tale
Celia's Name was all his Theme,
But she Lov'd Strephon of the Dale.

The Wood Lark

Tenderly

The Wood Lark whistles through the Grove tuneing the

Sweetest Notes of Love to please his female on the Spray to

please his female to please

his Female on the Spray

A Favourite Song

Parch'd by his Side her lit tle Breast swells with a Lovers Joy confest to

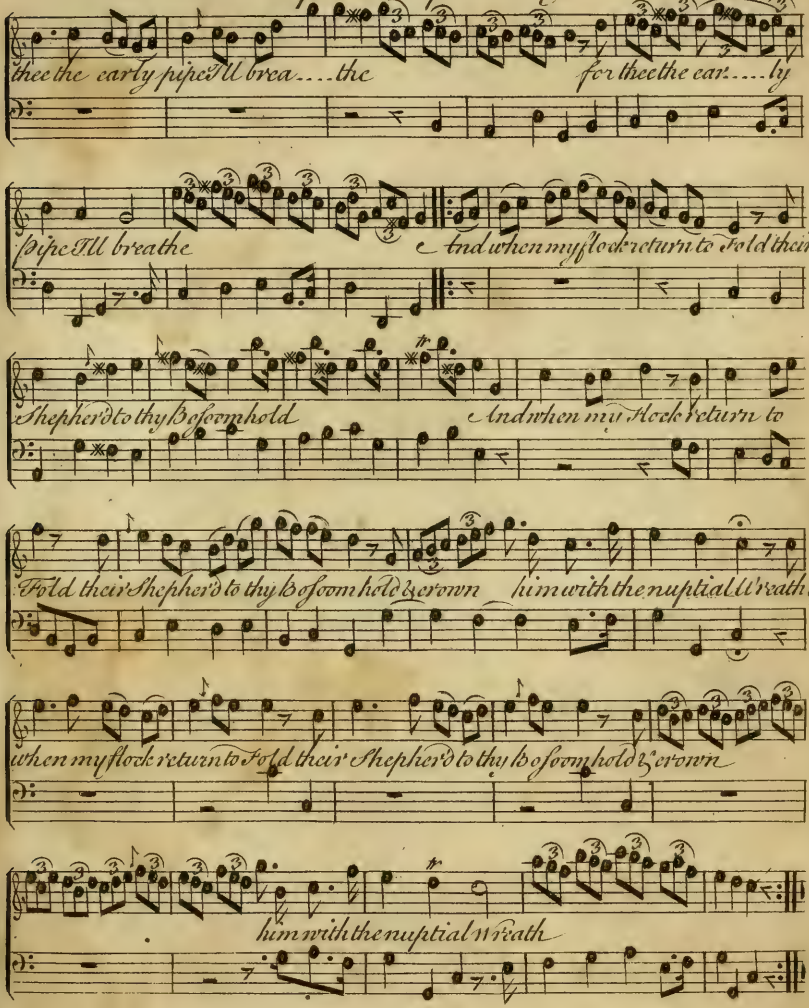
hear and to reward the Lay to hear & to reward to

hear & to reward'd the Lay Come then my

fair one let us prove from their Example how to love

Come then my fair one let us prove let us prove from their Example how to

love from their Example how to love for thee the early pipe I'll breathe for

in the Opera of Eliza

thee the early pipe I'll brea....the
for thee the ear.....ly
pipe I'll breathe
And when my flock return to Fold their
Shepherd to thy bosom hold
And when my Flock return to
Fold their Shepherd to thy bosom hold & crown
him with the nuptial Wreath &
when my flock return to Fold their Shepherd to thy bosom hold & crown
him with the nuptial Wreath

Set to Musick by Mr Baildon

Hark the Birds begin their Lay

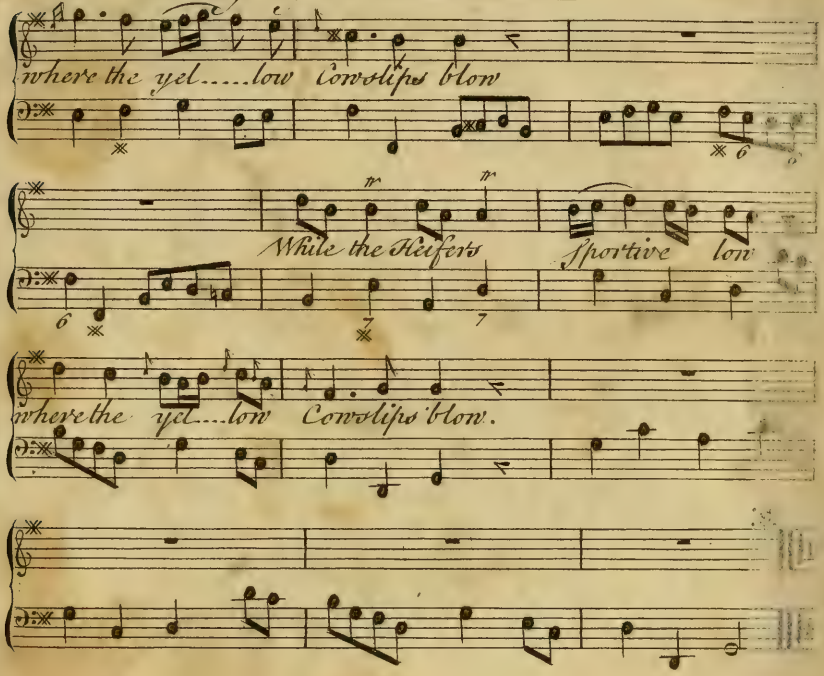
Flow'rets deck the Robe of May

See! the Little Lambkins bound Playfull o'r the

Clover Ground

While the Heifers Sportive low

Sung by Mr Lowe



Now the Nymphs & Swains advance
O'er the Lawn in festive Dance:
Garlands from the Hawthorn Bough
Grace the happy Shepherds Brow.
While the Lasses, in array,
Wait upon the Queen of May.

Innocence, Content, and Love,
Fill the Meadows, and the Grove.
Mirth, that never wears a frown,
Health with Sweetness all her own,
Labour puts on Pleasure's Smile,
And pale Care forgets his Toil.

Ah! what Pleasures Shepherds know!
Monarchs cannot such bestow,
Love improves each happy Hour!
Grandeur has not such in Store,
Learn, Ambition, learn from hence,
Happiness is Innocence.

A Favourite Air

Moderately

O how blissfull 'tis to languish When soft Wishes warm the Breast

Sighs in part dissolve our Anguish

and our Blushes speak the rest

Gay Desires which fondly please us
Blest by Night our loveliest Themes;
But when Midnight Slumbers Seize us,
O the Charming, Charming Dreams.

6·3·68